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## A WRITER'S RECOLLECTIONS—I.

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*These articles represent portions of a volume to be published in the coming autumn.*

It was in '68 or '69—I think I was seventeen—that I remember my first sight of a college garden lying cool and shaded between grey college walls, and on the grass a figure that held me fascinated—a lady in a green brocade dress, with a belt and chatelaine of Russian silver, who was playing croquet, then a novelty in Oxford, and seemed to me, as I watched her, a perfect model of grace and vivacity. A man nearly thirty years older than herself whom I knew to be her husband was standing near her, and a handful of undergraduates made an amused and admiring court round the lady. The elderly man—he was then fifty-three—was Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, and the croquet-player had been his wife about seven years. After the Rector's death in 1884, Mrs. Pattison married Sir Charles Dilke in the very midst of the divorce proceedings which were to wreck in full stream a brilliant political career; and she showed him a proud devotion till her death in 1904. None of her early friends who remember her later history can ever think of the 'Frances Pattison' of Oxford days without a strange stirring of heart. I was much at Lincoln in the years before I married, and derived an impression from the life lived there that has never left me. Afterwards I saw much less of Mrs. Pattison, who was generally on the Riviera in the winter; but from 1868 to 1872, the Rector, learned, critical, bitter, fastidious, and 'Mrs. Pat,' with her gaiety, her picturesqueness, her impatience of the Oxford solemnities and décors, her sharp restless wit, her determination *not* to be academic, to hold on to the greater world of affairs outside—mattered more to me perhaps than anybody else. They were very good to me, and I was never

tired of going there: though I was much puzzled by their ways, and—while my Evangelical phase lasted—much scandalised often by the speculative freedom of the talk I heard. Sometimes my rather uneasy conscience protested in ways which I think must have amused my hosts, though they never said a word. They were fond of asking me to come to supper at Lincoln on Sundays. It was a gay, uncereemonious meal, at which Mrs. Pattison appeared in the kind of gown which at a much later date began to be called a tea-gown. It was generally white or grey, with various ornaments and accessories which always seemed to me, accustomed for so long to the rough-and-tumble of school life, marvels of delicacy and prettiness; so that I was sharply conscious, on these occasions, of the graceful figure made by the young mistress of the old house. But some last stubborn trace in me of the Evangelical view of Sunday declared that while one might talk—and one *must* eat!—on Sunday, one mustn't put on evening dress, or behave as though it were just like a week-day. So while everyone else was in evening dress, I more than once—at seventeen—came to these Sunday gatherings on a winter evening, purposely, in a high woollen frock, sternly but uncomfortably conscious of being sublime—if only one were not ridiculous! The Rector, 'Mrs. Pat,' Mr. Bywater, myself, and perhaps a couple of undergraduates—often a bewildered and silent couple—I see that little vanished company in the far past, so plainly! Three of them are dead—and for me, the grey walls of Lincoln must always be haunted by their ghosts.

The historian of French painting and French decorative art was already in those days unfolding in Mrs. Pattison. Her drawing-room was French, sparsely furnished with a few old girandoles and mirrors on its white panelled walls, and Persian carpet with a black centre, on which both the French furniture and the living inmates of the room looked their best. And upstairs, in 'Mrs. Pat's' own working-room, there were innumerable things that stirred my curiosity—old French drawings and engravings, masses of foreign books that showed the young and brilliant owner of the room to be already a scholar, even as her husband counted scholarship; together with the tools and materials for etching, a mysterious process in which I was occasionally allowed to lend a hand, and which, as often as not, during the application of the acid to the plate, ended in dire misfortune to the etcher's fingers or dress, and in the helpless laughter of both artist and assistant.

The Rector himself was an endless study to me—he and his

frequent companion, Ingram Bywater, afterwards the distinguished Greek Professor. To listen to these two friends as they talked of foreign scholars in Paris, or Germany, of Renan, or Ranke, or Curtius; as they poured scorn on Oxford scholarship, or the lack of it, and on the ideals of Balliol, which aimed at turning out public officials, as compared with the researching ideals of the German universities, which seemed to the Rector the only ideals worth calling academic; or as they flung gibes at Christ Church, whence Pusey and Liddon still directed the powerful Church party of the University:—was to watch the doors of new worlds gradually opening before a girl's questioning intelligence. The Rector would walk up and down, occasionally taking a book from his crowded shelves, while Mr. Bywater and Mrs. Pattison smoked, with the after-luncheon coffee,—and in those days a woman with a cigarette was a rarity in England—and sometimes, at a caustic *mot* of the former's there would break out the Rector's cackling laugh, which was ugly no doubt, but when he was amused and at ease, extraordinarily full of mirth. To me he was from the beginning the kindest friend. He saw that I came of a literary stock and had literary ambitions; and he tried to direct me. 'Get to the bottom of something'—he would say—'Choose a subject, and know *everything* about it!' I eagerly followed his advice, and began to work at early Spanish in the Bodleian. But I think he was wrong—I venture to think so!—though as his half melancholy, half satirical look comes back to me, I realise how easily he would defend himself, if one could tell him so now. I think I ought to have been told to take a history examination and learn Latin properly. But if I had, half the exploring joy of those early years would no doubt have been cut away.

Later on, in the winters when Mrs. Pattison, threatened with rheumatic gout, disappeared to the Riviera, I came to know a sadder and lonelier Rector. I used to go to tea with him then in his own book-lined sanctum, and we mended the blazing fire between us and talked endlessly. Presently I married, and his interest in me changed; though our friendship never lessened, and I shall always remember with emotion my last sight of him lying a white and dying man on his sofa in London—the clasp of the wasted hand, the sad haunting eyes. When his 'Memoirs' appeared, after his death, a book of which Mr. Gladstone once said to me that he reckoned it as among the most tragic and the most memorable books of the nineteenth century, I understood him

more clearly, and more tenderly, than I could have done as a girl. Particularly, I understood why in that sceptical and agnostic talk which never spared the Anglican ecclesiastics of the moment, or such a later Catholic convert as Manning, I cannot remember that I ever heard him mention the great name of John Henry Newman with the slightest touch of disrespect. On the other hand, I once saw him receive a message that some friend brought him from Newman with an eager look and a start of pleasure. He had been a follower of Newman's in the Tractarian days, and no one who ever came near to the great Oratorian could afterwards lightly speak ill of him. It was the Rector indeed who said of Newman that the whole course of English religious history might have been different if Newman had known German. But he said it without the smallest bitterness—as the mere expression of a sober and indisputable truth—which indeed it then was. Alas!—merely to quote it, nowadays, carries one back to a Germany before the Flood—a Germany of small States, a land of scholars and thinkers; a Germany that would surely have recoiled in horror from any prevision of that deep and hideous abyss which her descendants, maddened by wealth and success, were one day to dig between themselves and the rest of Europe.

One of my clearest memories connected with the Pattisons and Lincoln is that of meeting George Eliot and Mr. Lewes there, in the spring of 1870, when I was eighteen. It was at one of the Sunday suppers. George Eliot sat at the Rector's right hand. I was opposite her; on my left was George Henry Lewes, to whom I took a prompt and active dislike. He and Mrs. Pattison kept up a lively conversation in which Mr. Bywater, on the other side of the table, took full share. George Eliot talked very little, and I not at all. The Rector was shy or tired, and George Eliot was in truth entirely occupied in watching or listening to Mr. Lewes. I was disappointed that she was so silent, and perhaps her quick eye may have divined it, for after supper, as we were going up the interesting old staircase, made in the thickness of the wall, which led direct from the dining-room to the drawing-room above, she said to me: 'The Rector tells me that you have been reading a good deal about Spain. Would you care to hear something of our Spanish journey?'—the journey which had preceded the appearance of 'The Spanish Gypsy,' then newly published. My reply is easily imagined. The rest of the party passed through the dimly lit drawing-room to talk and smoke in the gallery beyond.



George Eliot sat down in the darkness and I beside her. Then she talked for about twenty minutes, with perfect ease and finish, without misplacing a word or dropping a sentence, and I realised at last that I was in the presence of a great writer. Not a great *talker*. It is clear that George Eliot never was that. Impossible for her to 'talk' her books, or evolve her books from conversation, like Madame de Staël. She was too self-conscious, too desperately reflective, too rich in second-thoughts for that. But in *tête-à-tête*, and with time to choose her words, she could in monologue, with just enough stimulus from a companion to keep it going—produce on a listener exactly the impression of some of her best work. As the low clear voice flowed on, in Mrs. Pattison's drawing-room, I saw Saragossa, Granada, the Escorial, and that survival of the old Europe in the new, which one must go to Spain to find. Not that the description was particularly vivid—in talking of famous places John Richard Green could make words tell and paint with far greater success; but it was singularly complete and accomplished. When it was done the effect was there—the effect she had meant to produce. I shut my eyes, and it all comes back:—the darkened room, the long, pallid face set in black lace, the evident wish to be kind to a young girl.

Two more impressions of her let me record. The following day, the Pattisons took their guests to see the 'eights' races from Christ Church meadow. A young Fellow of Merton, Mandell Creighton, afterwards the beloved and famous Bishop of London, was among those entertaining her on the barge, and on the way home he took her and Mr. Lewes through Merton garden. I was of the party, and I remember what a carnival of early summer it was in that enchanting place. The chesnuts were all out, one splendour from top to toe; the laburnums, the lilacs, the hawthorns red and white, the new-mown grass spreading its smooth and silky carpet round the college walls—a May sky overhead, and through the trees glimpses of towers and spires, silver grey, in the sparkling summer air—the picture was one of those that Oxford throws before the spectator, at every turn, like the careless beauty that knows she has only to show herself, to move, to breathe, to give delight. George Eliot stood on the grass, in the bright sun, looking at the flower-laden chesnuts, at the distant glimpses on all sides, of the surrounding city, saying little—that she left to Mr. Lewes!—but drinking it in, storing it in that rich, absorbent mind of hers. And afterwards when Mr. Lewes, Mr. Creighton,

she and I walked back to Lincoln, I recall another little incident throwing light on the ever-ready instinct of the novelist. As we turned into the quadrangle of Lincoln—suddenly, at one of the upper windows of the Rector's lodgings, which occupied the far right-hand corner of the quad, there appeared the head and shoulders of Mrs. Pattison, as she looked out and beckoned smiling to Mrs. Lewes. It was a brilliant apparition, as though a French portrait by Greuze or Perronneau had suddenly slipped into a vacant space in the old college wall. The pale, pretty head, *blond-cendrée*—the delicate smiling features and white throat, a touch of black, a touch of blue; a white dress; a general eighteenth-century impression as though of powder and patches—Mrs. Lewes perceived it in a flash, and I saw her run eagerly to Mr. Lewes and draw his attention to the window and its occupant. She took his arm, while she looked and waved. If she had lived longer, some day, and somewhere in her books, that vision at the window, and that flower-laden garden would have reappeared. I seemed to see her consciously and deliberately committing them both to memory.

But I do not believe that she ever meant to describe the Rector in 'Mr. Casaubon.' She was far too good a scholar herself to have perpetrated a caricature so flagrantly untrue. She knew Mark Pattison's quality, and could never have meant to draw the writer of some of the most fruitful and illuminating of English essays, and one of the most brilliant pieces of English biography, in the dreary and foolish pedant who overshadows 'Middlemarch.' But the fact that Mark Pattison was an elderly scholar with a young wife, and that George Eliot knew him, led later on to a legend which was I am sure unwelcome to the writer of 'Middlemarch,' while her supposed victim passed it by with amused indifference.

Let me recall my first sight of Taine, the great French historian, in the spring of 1871. He had come over at the invitation of the Curators of the Taylorian Institution to give a series of lectures on Corneille and Racine. The lectures were arranged immediately after the surrender of Paris to the German troops, when it might have been hoped that the worst calamities of France were over. But before M. Taine crossed to England the insurrection of the Commune had broken out, and while he was actually in Oxford delivering his six lectures, the terrible news of the last days of May, the burning of the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville and the Cour des Comptes, all the savagery of the beaten revolution let loose on

Paris itself, came crashing, day by day and hour by hour, like so many horrible explosions in the heavy air of Europe, still tremulous with the memories and agonies of recent war.

How well I remember the effect in Oxford!—the newspaper cries in the streets, the fear each morning as to what new calamities might have fallen on civilisation, the intense fellow-feeling in a community of students and scholars for the students and scholars of France!

When M. Taine arrived, he himself writes home (see his published Correspondence, vol. II) that Oxford could not do enough to show her sympathy with a distinguished Frenchman. He writes from Oxford on May 25:

'I have no courage for a letter to-day. I have just heard of the horrors of Paris, the burning of the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville, &c. My heart is wrung. I have energy for nothing. I cannot go out and see people. I was in the Bodleian when the Librarian told me this and showed me the newspapers. In presence of such madness and such disasters, they treat a Frenchman here with a kind of pitying sympathy.'

Oxford residents indeed, inside and outside the colleges, crowded the first lecture to show our feeling not only for M. Taine, but for a France wounded and trampled on by her own children. The few dignified and touching words with which he opened his course, his fine dark head, the attractiveness of his subject, the lucidity of his handling of it, made the lecture a great success; and a few nights afterwards at dinner at Balliol, I found myself sitting next the great man. In his published correspondence there is a letter describing this dinner which shows that I must have confided in him not a little!—as to my Bodleian reading, and the article on the *Poema del Cid* that I was writing. He confesses, however, that he did his best to draw me—examining the English girl as a new specimen for his psychological collection. As for me, perversely I only recollect that he summed up his criticisms of English life in the remark that there was too much magenta in the women's dresses, and too much pepper in the kitchen. From English cooking—which showed ill in the Oxford of those days—he suffered a good deal. Nor, in spite of his great literary knowledge of England and English, was his spoken English clear enough to enable him to grapple with the lodging-house cook. Professor Max Müller, who had induced him to give the lectures, and watched over him

during his stay, told me that on his first visit to the historian in his Beaumont Street rooms, he found him sitting bewildered before the strangest of meals. It consisted entirely of a huge beefsteak, served in the un-appetising, slovenly English way, and—a large plate of buttered toast. Nothing else. 'But I ordered bif-tek and pott-a-toes!' cried the puzzled historian, to his visitor!

Another guest of the Master's on that night was Mr. Swinburne, and of him too I have a vivid recollection as he sat opposite to me on the side next the fire, his small lower features and slender neck over-weighted by his thick reddish hair and capacious brow. I could not think why he seemed so cross and uncomfortable. He was perpetually beckoning to the waiters; then, when they came, holding peremptory conversation with them; while I from my side of the table could see them going away, with a whisper or a shrug to each other, like men asked for the impossible. At last with a kind of bound, Swinburne leapt from his chair and seized a copy of the 'Times,' which he seemed to have persuaded one of the men to bring him. As he got up I saw that the fire behind him, and very close to him, must indeed have been burning the very marrow out of a long-suffering poet. And alack, in that house without a mistress, the small conveniences of life, such as fire-screens, were often overlooked. The Master did not possess any. In a pale exasperation Swinburne folded the 'Times' over the back of his chair, and sat down again. Vain was the effort! The room was narrow, the party large, and the servants, pushing by, had soon dislodged the 'Times.' Again and again did Swinburne in a fury replace it; and was soon reduced to sitting silent and wild-eyed, his back firmly pressed against the chair and the newspaper, in a concentrated struggle with fate.

Matthew Arnold was another of the party, and I have a vision of my uncle standing talking with M. Taine, with whom he then and there made a lasting friendship. The Frenchman was not, I trust, aware at that moment of the heresies of the English critic who had ventured only a few years before to speak of 'the exaggerated French estimate of Racine,' and even to endorse the judgment of Joubert—'Racine est le Virgile des ignorants'! Otherwise M. Taine might have given an even sharper edge than he actually did to his remarks, in his letters home, on the critical faculty of the English. 'In all that I read and hear'—he says to Madame Taine—'I see nowhere the fine literary sense which means the gift—or the art—of understanding the souls and passions

of the past.' And again, 'I have had infinite trouble to-day to make my audience appreciate some *finesses* of Racine.' There is a note of resigned exasperation in these comments which reminds me of the outburst of another French critic—Edmond Scherer, Sainte-Beuve's best successor—ten years later. Apropos of some judgment of Matthew Arnold—whom Scherer delighted in—on Racine of the same kind as those I have already quoted, the Frenchman of letters broke out to me as we walked together at Versailles. But after all, was the Oxford which contained Pater, Pattison, and Bywater, which had nurtured Matthew Arnold and Swinburne—Swinburne with his wonderful knowledge of the intricacies and subtleties of the French tongue and the French literature—merely 'solide and positif,' as Taine declares? The judgment is, I think, a characteristic judgment of that man of formulas—often so brilliant, and often so mistaken—who in the famous 'History of English Literature' taught his English readers as much by his blunders as by his merits. He provoked us into thinking. And what critic does more? Is not the whole fraternity like so many successive Penelopes, each unravelling the web of the one before? The point is that the web should be eternally re-made and eternally unravelled.

When the Oxford historian of the future comes across the name and influence of Benjamin Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol, and Greek professor, in the mid-current of the nineteenth century, he will not be without full means of finding out what made that slight figure (whereof he will be able to study the outward and visible presence in some excellent portraits, and in many caricatures) so significant and so representative. The 'Life' of the Master, by Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell, is to me one of the most interesting biographies of our generation. It is long—for those who have no Oxford ties, no doubt, too long; and it is cumbered with the echoes of old controversies, theological and academic, which have mostly, though by no means wholly, passed into a dusty limbo. But it is one of the rare attempts that English biography has seen to paint a man as he really was; and to paint him not with the sub-malicious strokes of a Purcell, but in love, although in truth.

The Master, as he fought his many fights, with his abnormally strong will, and his dominating personality; the Master, as he appeared, on the one hand, to the upholders of 'research,' of

learning that is, as an end in itself, apart from teaching, and, on the other, to the High Churchmen encamped in Christ Church, to Pusey, Liddon, and all their clan—pugnacious, formidable, and generally successful—here he is to the life. This is the Master whose personality could never be forgotten in any room he chose to enter; who brought restraint rather than ease to the gatherings of his friends, mainly because, according to his own account, of a shyness he could never overcome; whose company on a walk was too often more of a torture than an honour to the undergraduate selected for it; whose lightest words were feared, quoted, chuckled over, or resented, like those of no one else.

Of this Master, I have many remembrances. I see, for instance, a drawing-room full of rather tongue-tied embarrassed guests, some Oxford residents, some Londoners; and the Master among them, as a stimulating—but disintegrating!—force, of whom every one was uneasily conscious. The circle was wide, the room bare, and the Balliol arm-chairs were not placed for conversation. On a high chair against the wall, sat a small boy of ten—we will call him Arthur—oppressed by his surroundings. The talk languished and dropped. From one side of the large room, the Master, raising his voice, addressed the small boy on the other side.

‘Well, Arthur, so I hear you’ve begun Greek. How are you getting on?’

To the small boy looking round the room it seemed as though twenty awful grown-ups were waiting in a dead silence to eat him up. He rushed upon his answer.

‘I—I’m reading the *Anabasis*,’ he said desperately.

The false quantity sent a shock through the room. Nobody laughed, out of sympathy with the boy, who already knew that something dreadful had happened. The boy’s miserable parents, Londoners, who were among the twenty, wished themselves under the floor. The Master smiled.

‘*Anábasis*, Arthur,’ he said cheerfully. ‘You’ll get it right next time.’

And he went across to the boy, evidently feeling for him, and wishing to put him at ease. But after thirty years, the boy and his parents still remember the incident with a shiver. It could not have produced such an effect, except in an atmosphere of tension; and that, alas! too often, was the atmosphere which surrounded the Master.

I can remember, too, many proud yet anxious half-hours in the Master's study—such a privilege, yet such an ordeal!—when, after our migration to London, we became, at regular intervals, the Master's week-end visitors. 'Come and talk to me a little in my study,' the Master would say pleasantly. And there in the room where he worked for so many years, as the interpreter of Greek thought to the English world, one would take a chair beside the fire, with the Master opposite. I have described my fireside *têtes-à-tête*, as a girl, with another head of a College—the Rector of Lincoln, Mark Pattison. But the Master was a far more strenuous companion. With him, there were no diversions, none!—no relief from the breathless adventure of trying to please him, and doing one's best. The Rector once, being a little invalidish, allowed me to make up the fire, and after watching the process sharply, said—'Good! does it drive *you* distracted, too, when people put on coals the wrong way?' An interruption which made for human sympathy! The dear Master, as far as I can remember, had no 'nerves'; and 'nerves' are a bond between many. But he occasionally had sudden returns upon himself. I remember once after we had been discussing a religious book which had interested us both, he abruptly drew himself up, in the full tide of talk, and said with a curious impatience—'But one can't be always thinking of these things!'—and changed the subject.

So much for the Master, the stimulus of whose mere presence was, according to his biographers, 'often painful.' But there were at least two other Masters in the 'Mr. Jowett' we revered. And they too are fully shown in this biography. The Master who loved his friends and thought no pains too great to take for them; including the very rare pains of trying to mend their characters by faithfulness and plain speaking, whenever he thought they wanted it. The Master, again, whose sympathies were always with social reform, and with the poor, whose hidden life was full of deeds of kindness and charity, who, in spite of his difficulties of manner, was loved by all sorts and conditions of men—and women—in all circles of life; by politicians and great ladies; by diplomats and scholars and poets; by his secretary and his servants:—there are many traits of this good man and useful citizen, recorded by his biographers.

And, finally, there was the Master who reminded his most intimate friends of a sentence of his about Greek literature, which occurs in the Introduction to the 'Phaedrus.' 'Under the marble



exterior of Greek literature was concealed a soul thrilling with spiritual emotion,' says the Master. His own was not exactly a marble exterior; but the placid and yet shrewd cheerfulness of his delicately rounded face, with its small mouth and chin, its great brow, and frame of snowy hair, gave but little clue to the sensitive and mystical soul within. If ever a man was *Gottbetrunken*, it was the Master, many of whose meditations and passing thoughts, withdrawn, while he lived, from all human ken, yet written down—in thirty or forty volumes!—for his own discipline and remembrance, can now be read, thanks to his biographers, in the pages of the *Life*. They are extraordinarily frank and simple; startling often, in their bareness and truth. But they are, above all, the thoughts of a mystic, moving in a Divine presence. An old and intimate friend of the Master's once said to me that he believed 'Jowett's inner mind, especially towards the end of his life, was always in an attitude of Prayer. One would go and talk to him on University or College business in his study, and suddenly see his lips moving, slightly and silently, and know what it meant.' The records of him which his death revealed—and his closest friends realised it in life—show a man perpetually conscious of a mysterious and blessed companionship; which is the mark of the religious man, in all faiths and all churches. Yet this was the man who, for the High Church party at Oxford, with its headquarters at Christ Church, under the flag of Dr. Pusey and Canon Liddon, was the symbol and embodiment of all heresy; whose University salary as Greek professor, which depended on a Christ Church subsidy, was withheld for years by the same High-churchmen, because of their inextinguishable wrath against the Liberal leader who had contributed so largely to the test-abolishing legislation of 1870—legislation by which Oxford, in Liddon's words, was 'logically lost to the Church of England.'

Yet no doubt they had their excuses! For this, too, was the man who, in a city haunted by Tractarian shades, once said to his chief biographer that 'Voltaire had done more good than all the Fathers of the Church put together!'—who scornfully asks himself in his diary, *à propos* of the Bishops' condemnation of 'Essays and Reviews,' 'What is Truth against an *esprit de corps*?—and drops out the quiet dictum: 'Half the books that are published are religious books, and what trash this religious literature is!' Nor did the Evangelicals escape. The Master's dislike for many well-known hymns specially dear to that persuasion was never

concealed. 'How cocky they are!' he would say contemptuously. '“When upwards I fly—Quite justified I”’—who can repeat a thing like that?’

How the old war-cries ring again in one's ears as one looks back! Those who have only known the Oxford of the last twenty years can never, I think, feel towards that 'august place' as we did, in the 'seventies of the last century; we who were still within sight and hearing of the great fighting years of an earlier generation, and still scorched by their dying fires. Balliol, Christ Church, Lincoln:—the Liberal and utilitarian camp, the Church camp, the researching and pure scholarship camp—with Science and the Museum hovering in the background, as the growing aggressive powers of the future seeking whom they might devour:—they were the signs and symbols of mighty hosts, of great forces still visibly incarnate, and in marching array. Balliol versus Christ Church—Jowett versus Pusey and Liddon—while Lincoln despised both, and the new scientific forces watched and waited:—that was how we saw the field of battle, and the various alarms and excursions it was always providing.

But Balliol meant more to me than the Master. Professor Thomas Hill Green—'Green of Balliol'—was no less representative in our days of the spiritual and liberating forces of the great college; and the time which has now elapsed since his death has clearly shown that his philosophic work and influence hold a lasting and conspicuous place in the history of nineteenth-century thought. He and his wife became our intimate friends, and in the 'Grey' of 'Robert Elsmere' I tried to reproduce a few of those traits—traits of a great thinker and teacher, who was also one of the simplest, sincerest, and most practical of men—which Oxford will never forget, so long as high culture and noble character are dear to her. His wife—so his friend and biographer, Lewis Nettleship, tells us—once compared him to Sir Bors in 'The Holy Grail':

A square-set man and honest; and his eyes,  
An out-door sign of all the wealth within,  
Smiled with his lips—a smile beneath a cloud,  
But Heaven had meant it for a sunny one!

A quotation in which the mingling of a cheerful, practical, humorous temper, the temper of the active citizen and politician, with the heavy tasks of philosophic thought, is very happily suggested. As we knew him, indeed, and before the publication of the 'Pro-

legomena to Ethics' and the Introduction to the Clarendon Press edition of Hume had led to his appointment as Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy, Mr. Green was not only a leading Balliol tutor, but an energetic Liberal, a member both of the Oxford Town Council and of various University bodies; a helper in all the great steps taken for the higher education of woman at Oxford, and keenly attracted by the project of a High School for the town boys of Oxford—a man, in other words, preoccupied, just as the Master was, and for all his philosophic genius, with the need of leading 'a useful life.'

Let me pause to think how much that phrase meant in the mouths of the best men whom Balliol produced, in the days when I knew Oxford. The Master, Green, Toynbee—their minds were full, half a century ago, of the 'condition of the people' question, of temperance, housing, wages, electoral reform; and within the University, and by the help of the weapons of thought and teaching, they regarded themselves as the natural allies of the Liberal party which was striving for these things through politics and Parliament. 'Usefulness,' 'social reform,' the bettering of daily life for the many—these ideas are stamped on all their work and on all the biographies of them that remain to us.

And the significance of it is only to be realised when we turn to the rival group, to Christ Church, and the religious party which that name stood for. Read the lives of Liddon, of Pusey, or—to go further back—of the great Newman himself. Is it not fair to say that the 'condition of the people' question mattered little or nothing, either to Pusey or to Liddon, compared with the date of the Book of Daniel, or the retention of the Athanasian Creed? Newman, at a time when national drunkenness was an overshadowing terror in the minds of all reformers, confesses with a pathetic frankness that he had never considered 'whether there were too many public-houses in England or no'; and in all his religious controversies of the 'thirties and the 'forties, you will look in vain for any word of industrial or political reform. So also in the 'Life' of that great rhetorician and beautiful personality, Canon Liddon, you will scarcely find a single letter that touches on any question of social betterment. How to safeguard the 'principle of authority,' how to uphold the traditional authorship of the Pentateuch, and of the Book of Daniel, against 'infidel' criticism; how to stifle among the younger High Churchmen like Mr. (now Bishop) Gore, then head of the Pusey House, the first advances towards a reason-

able freedom of thought ; how to maintain the doctrine of Eternal Punishment against the protest of the religious consciousness itself—it is on these matters that Canon Liddon's correspondence turns, it was to them his life was devoted.

How vainly ! Who can doubt now which type of life and thought had in it the seeds of growth and permanence—the Balliol type, or the Christ Church type ? There are many High Churchmen, it is true, at the present day, and many Ritualist Churches. But they are alive to-day, just in so far as they have learnt the lesson of social pity, and the lesson of a reasonable criticism, from the men whom Pusey and Liddon and half the bishops condemned and persecuted in the middle years of the nineteenth century.

When we were living in Oxford, however, this was not exactly the point of view from which the great figure of Liddon presented itself, to us of the Liberal camp. We were constantly aware of him, no doubt, as the rival figure to the Master of Balliol, as the arch wire-puller and ecclesiastical intriguer in University affairs, leading the Church forces with a more than Roman astuteness. But his great mark was made, of course, by his preaching, and that not so much by the things said as by the man saying them. Who now would go to Liddon's famous Bampton, for all their learning, for a still valid defence of the orthodox doctrine of the Incarnation ? Those wonderful paragraphs of subtle argumentation from which the great preacher emerged, as triumphantly as Mr. Gladstone from a Gladstonian sentence in a House of Commons debate—what remains of them ? Liddon wrote of Stanley that he—Stanley—was ' more entirely destitute of the logical faculty ' than any educated man he knew. In a sense it was true. But Stanley, if he had been aware of the criticism, might have replied that, if he lacked logic, Liddon lacked something much more vital—*i.e.* the sense of history—and of the relative value of testimony !

Newman, Pusey, Liddon—all three, great schoolmen, arguing from an accepted brief ; the man of genius, the man of a vast industry, intense but futile, the man of captivating presence and a perfect rhetoric :—history, with its patient burrowings, has surely undermined the work of all three ; sparing only that element in the work of one of them—Newman—which is the preserving-salt of all literature—*i.e.* the magic of personality. And some of the most efficacious burrowers have been their own spiritual children. As was fitting ! For the Tractarian movement, with

its appeal to the primitive church, was in truth, and quite unconsciously, one of the agencies in a great process of historical inquiry, which is still going on, and of which the end is not yet.

But to me, in my twenties, these great names were not merely names or symbols, as they are to the men and women of the present generation. Newman I had seen in my childhood, walking about the streets of Edgbaston, and had shrunk from him in a dumb childish resentment as from someone whom I understood to be the author of our family misfortunes. In those days, as I have already recalled in an earlier chapter, the daughters of a 'mixed marriage' were brought up in the mother's faith and the sons in the father's. I, therefore, as a schoolgirl under Evangelical influence, was not allowed to make friends with any of my father's Catholic colleagues. Then, in 1880, twenty years later, Newman came to Oxford, and on Trinity Monday there was a great gathering at Trinity College, where the Cardinal in his red, a blanched and spiritual presence, received the homage of a new generation who saw in him a great soul and a great master of English, and cared little or nothing for the controversies in which he had spent his prime. As my turn came to shake hands, I recalled my father to him and the Edgbaston days. His face lit up—almost mischievously. 'Are you the little girl I remember seeing sometimes—in the distance?' he said to me, with a smile and a look that only he and I understood.

On the Sunday preceding that gathering I went to hear his last sermon in the city he had loved so well, preached at the new Jesuit church in the suburbs; while little more than a mile away, Bidding Prayer and sermon were going on as usual in the University Church where in his youth, week by week, he had so deeply stirred the hearts and consciences of men. The sermon in St. Aloysius was preached with great difficulty, and was almost incoherent from the physical weakness of the speaker. Yet who that was present on that Sunday will ever forget the great ghost that fronted them, the faltering accents, the words from which the life blood had departed yet not the charm?

Then—Pusey! There comes back to me a bowed and uncouth figure, whom one used to see both in the Cathedral procession on a Sunday, and—rarely—in the University pulpit. One sermon on Darwinism, which was preached, if I remember right, in the early 'seventies, remains with me, as the appearance of some modern Elijah, returning after long silence and exile to protest against

an unbelieving world. Sara Coleridge had years before described Pusey in the pulpit with a few vivid strokes.

'He has not one of the graces of oratory,' she says. 'His discourse is generally a rhapsody describing with infinite repetition the wickedness of sin, the worthlessness of earth, and the blessedness of heaven. He is as still as a statue all the time he is uttering it, looks as white as a sheet, and is as monotonous in delivery as possible.'

A prophet, however, may be as monotonous or as incoherent as he pleases, while the world is still in tune with his message. But in the 'seventies, Oxford, at least, was no longer in tune with Pusey's message, and the effect of the old prophet, trying to come to terms with Darwinism, struggling that is with new and stubborn forces he had no further power to bind, was tragic, or pathetic, as such things must always be. New Puseys arise in every century. The 'sons of authority' will never perish out of the earth. But the language changes, and the argument changes; and perhaps there are none more secretly impatient with the old prophet than those younger spirits of his own kind who are already stepping into his shoes.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE CROWN PRINCE—SUPER-KAISER, OR LITTLE WILLIE?

BY 'AMPHIBIAN.'

GOVERNMENT by hereditary autocrats depends so much upon the occupant of the throne for the time being, that the personality of the Crown Prince of Prussia is interesting at the present moment to people who look to the future, both in his own and in other countries. He is known to some of those who live inside the ring-fence of barbed wire and censorship surrounding the Central Powers as His Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia, possibly future Super-Kaiser over the lands and seas of the world. He is best known to most people outside that fence as Little Willie, a slender and idiotic-looking youth with a long nose and no chin. We see him in most of his photographs dressed as a Death's Head Hussar (of which regiment more anon), and caricaturists generally draw him in that uniform, which suits his long and lanky figure. Which is it to be? Super-Kaiser, or Little Willie?

Caricaturists have not told us all there is to know about him, and, with this question in our minds, it seems important to learn what we can of his doings, and how his character and reputation have been affected by the war. The Kaiser has said repeatedly that our opponents are expected to fight, not for any moral principles, but for the Hohenzollern dynasty, their shining armour, their mailed fists, their sharp swords, all their other stage properties, and the extension of their power over Europe and ultimately over the world. In his sane moments he must realise that such a policy will be affected by the personality of the next Hohenzollern, and it is noticeable that the Crown Prince is sometimes present when people like Hindenburg have audiences with him. This may mean that the dominating brain of the All-Highest War Lord is being burnt up by its own internal fires, and by the restless energy which has marked his career as a Monarch, and at times there have been rumours of differences of opinion with his eldest son, and even of disinheritance, if that should be possible.

But first about that Death's Head Hussar uniform. Our 17th Lancers wear a similar device, cross-bones and a skull, on their appointments. To them it means 'Death or Glory,' the



death of the wearer, not the death of helpless women and children standing in the path of Hohenzollern ambition, nor their mutilation and torture. These are strong words. No weaker ones would meet the case. Let us take a typical story. In August 1914 a Belgian peasant was living peacefully in his home with his wife and a tiny baby she was nursing at her breast. A patrol, led by a German officer who spoke Flemish, knocked at the door. The peasant did not open it quickly enough in the officer's opinion, so it was smashed down. When the helpless and unoffending man came to ask what they were doing, he was told that he had not come quickly enough. His hands were tied behind his back and he was immediately shot. His wife put down her baby, and in her desperation threw herself, unarmed, upon her husband's butchers. She was killed by a blow on the head. One of the soldiers then deliberately transfixed the little baby and held it up in the air with its little arms still moving once or twice. The patrol belonged to 'the regiment of Hussars with cross-bones and a death's head on their cap.'<sup>1</sup>

The Kaiser's mother, the Empress Frederick, was once Colonel of the Death's Head Hussars. Princess Victoria Louise, the Crown Prince's sister, became Colonel of the regiment at the age of seventeen, a few days after her confirmation, and on that occasion the Kaiser, with his usual conception of tactless humour, distinguished himself by remarking to her English governess that, as Colonel, the Princess would ride at the head of the regiment with the army that invaded England. I wonder whether she will ever know what the martial craze of the Hohenzollerns, egged on by the military party, and pandered to by a sycophantic nation, has meant to the women and children of other countries. But the associations of his uniform are leading me away from the Crown Prince himself.

He was born on May 6, 1882, at the Marmorpalais, Potsdam, and was christened Friedrich Wilhelm Victor August Ernst. Hohenzollern babies make their formal *début* in great state at the ceremony of their christening, borne on a white satin cushion, to which is attached a long train embroidered with the names of all the Princes and Princesses that have worn it. As the names are added the train is lengthened, and if the Hohenzollern race continue to multiply, and to follow their traditional policy of laying

<sup>1</sup> See Bryce Commission Evidence (p. 127). The description would apply possibly to other regiments bearing the same device.

waste the territory of their neighbours, the thought of the length to which that long satin tail may grow is staggering to the imagination. I have before me a gorgeously got up book, covered with red, black, and gold heraldic devices, representing extremely bad-tempered-looking eagles. The book was brought out in Berlin in 1915, and seems to have been intended by the official propagandists to impress upon the German public the glory of the Hohenzollern family for the five hundred years from 1415 to 1915, and the advantages to the 'cannon-fodder' population of advancing the interests of the Kurfürsts of Brandenburg (1415-1701), Kings of Prussia (1701-1871) and in addition, Kaisers of the German Empire (1871-when?). The bad-tempered heraldic eagles are worth studying. The Kurfürsts had a red one with golden claws, emblematic of plunder. The Kings had a black one with a red tongue, and again the plundering golden claws, which hold a regal sceptre, and an orb surmounted by a cross. And then comes the Kaiser's eagle. An awful-looking emblematic fowl. Black, with the Hohenzollern arms, in black and white, on its chest. A gory beak and tongue, and gory claws—empty. No plunder this time, only blood. The first eagle is surmounted by a queer device, which presumably represents a Kurfürst's fur cap, the second with a Royal, and the third with an Imperial crown. The blood-red claws of the Imperial heraldic bird have dropped both cross and sceptre; there is comfort in German heraldry.

We can imagine the little 'Willie' surrounded with worship and with these heraldic emblems in his babyhood, and only wish that for his sake he had been under the care of the firm and sensible English nurse who brought up the Kaiserin's younger children from their birth, and remained in the family for thirteen years. When he was six years old (1888), his great-grandfather the old Emperor William I. died, and a few months later his grandfather the Emperor Frederick III. also died, and the present Kaiser came to the throne. Friedrich Wilhelm Victor August Ernst (called Wilhelm for short, although it is his second name) then became an important personage, but, in order to try to keep him within bounds, and not exalt him over his brothers, he was not granted the dignity of Crown Prince officially until he was eighteen years old. The seventh birthday is a critical day for young Hohenzollern Princes. At that early age they are wrested from the care of their nurse and mother and given a set of rooms of their own, where they are attended by men only, squeezed into tight military

uniforms, and surrounded by all the panoply of war, the clicking of heels, the constant saluting, and the whole barrack atmosphere in which the family delight. The Hohenzollern idea is to try to produce another Frederick 'the Great' by applying Spartan methods of training in childhood. Their ideal ruler is a sort of Genius-Sergeant-Major, without pity and without honour, posing as a great War Lord in shining armour, the embodiment of war, which Mirabeau called 'the national industry of Prussia,' and Bernhardi 'the blessing of modern Germany.'

We can imagine the child-Prince, then, installed in his own apartments, bedroom, sitting-room, and study, looked after by his own special footman, and at all times under the guidance of a military officer specially appointed to be his governor. Princes, like everyone else in Germany, are forced along an educational groove, and it is the Governor's business to make out the daily routine of studies and drills. Certain standards have to be reached in the prescribed subjects by certain dates, and all the time there is the atmosphere of constant drills, military displays, and much saluting. Surrounded as the palace always is by sentries, all this must have a strong influence upon their natures, and their conception of their All-Highest rank. There is a good story which shows that this Crown Prince was not long in acquiring some idea of his importance from his surroundings. He went for a walk one day with his Governor, and passed a sentry who did not salute him.

'Sehen Sie 'mal, das Luder hat nicht präsentirt !' ('Just look there, the *Luder*'—a vulgar form of invective, literally meaning carrion—'has not presented arms') he remarked to his Governor, who promptly reproved him for using the word '*Luder*,' not considered suited to polite society. On their way back they passed the sentry, who again did not present.

'Schon wieder hat das Luder nicht gegrüsst !' ('Again the *Luder* has not saluted !') remarked the Prince. This was too much for the Governor, who took him before the Kaiser. Much clicking of heels and formal saluting. The Governor submitted with regret that he was obliged to report his charge to his All-Highest father for a serious breach of discipline.

'Nu, was hat denn das *Luder* dies mal getan ?' ('Well, what has the *Luder* been doing this time ?') exclaimed the Kaiser. The Governor's next remark is not recorded.

The Crown Prince was educated privately by his tutors, and

became a cadet at the age of fourteen, the same age, by the way, at which his ancestor Frederick the Great, very small for his years, was made a Captain in the famous Giant Grenadiers of Potsdam, hating the drill and pipeclay of soldiering. At eighteen he 'came of age' and assumed the Royal and Imperial dignities and precedence, and in the same year (1900) was made a Lieutenant in the 1st Foot Guards, served three years in that rank, became a Cavalry Captain for four years, and a Major for six. We need not go into his early career in the army in detail; it was of the usual Prussian type. His name appeared on the lists of eleven or twelve different German regiments, and he also belonged to the 11th Spanish Dragoons. Up to the outbreak of war he could be described as a keen regimental soldier up to a certain point. He was advanced to the command of the Death's Head Hussars at Danzig. Staff work with all its mental drudgery was not to his taste. He longed for military glory, not the sort requiring prolonged study, and needing depth and strength of character, but the more theatrical sort of glory, earned before the footlights by personal achievement.

We must bear in mind that his early associations were with the harsh, hard, overbearing, Prussian spirit of Berlin, and the touchy and conceited officer class, whose whole attitude to the people is that of masters, holding themselves aloof, and wielding enormous social and political power. Sir Theodore Cook reminds us that the plain living and hard drilling that preceded 1870 had by 1914 been supplemented by the grossest forms of dissipation supplied by the rapid increase of wealth in Germany. The Crown Prince was much under the influence of the military caste, with whom he threw in his lot. An easy good-nature in matters not affecting his own personal comfort was one of his characteristics, and when soldiering at Potsdam, he earned a cheap sort of popularity by mounting little boys on his charger, giving people lifts in his motor, and scattering gold coins about. On the whole he was probably more popular than his father, but this is traditional among the Hohenzollerns. Frederick William III. used to say that, when he was Crown Prince, the people wanted to eat him up; when he came to the throne, they wished they had.

In 1901 he went to Bonn University, where he did not take to the excessive beer-swilling habit there prevalent. This may have shown a little strength of character in facing public opinion, but it must also be attributed to the influence of his father, who

did not favour that particular vice in his sons. Two years later he travelled in the East with his brother Prince Eitel Friedrich, and he visited the King of Italy and the Pope on his way home. Up to the time of his marriage he can best be described as a school-boy on a holiday. Sliding down the banisters was a favourite pastime of his. He was full of life and spirits, and ready for any escapade. He seemed to have no sense whatever of duty or responsibility, was selfish, thoughtless, and quite inconsiderate of the feelings of others. Like most Prussians, he had no sense whatever of what we should call 'playing the game,' and in fact few, if any, of the qualities associated with the word gentleman, for which there is no equivalent in German. He had a strong propensity towards many members of the fair sex, preferring those of other nations to his own, and making no secret of the fact. This attraction to members of the fair sex has been an enduring attribute in his character, and up to the present day we still read of easy gallantries which displease even his devoted followers.

In 1905 he married the Duchess Cecilie, daughter of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was then only eighteen and just out of the schoolroom, a tall, slim, attractive, dark-eyed girl, who has been a good wife to him, and has often helped to smooth over resentment at some of his clumsy witticisms and tactless remarks. It was during their engagement that his much-advertised exploit of riding up the stone steps of the New Palace at Potsdam occurred, and it seems to have been done to impress his fiancée and a small party of ladies of the Court in the absence of the Kaiser. They had the usual Hohenzollern mediæval ceremonies at the betrothal and wedding—processions, torch dance, scramble for the bride's garter, and so on—with the usual accompaniment of emotional gush displayed by the German nation on these occasions. The country was flooded with picture-postcards showing the pair in affectionate attitudes. One of the ceremonies deserves special reference; Hohenzollern brides are preceded by all the Master Butchers of Berlin on horseback when they drive formally in procession into Berlin. Quite the Hohenzollern touch. The Marmorpalais was their married home at first, and we can leave them there for a few years.

In 1907-8 the Crown Prince was given experience in the Ministry of the Interior, the Admiralty, and the Finance Ministry. In 1910-11 he paid his visit to India. An English lady<sup>1</sup> who met

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Lady Wilson (*Cornhill Magazine*, May 1916).

him there frequently gave an interesting account of her impressions of his personality :

‘His expression is elusive, and his face consists entirely of expression, for the features are insignificant. A foolish, sandy-haired look is accentuated by an uncompromising “nut” coiffure. His hair, worn rather long, is brushed unmercifully back from a receding forehead; his moustache is embryonic. Yet there is fire about him, and devouring vitality. In his curious slanting eyes, that you can hardly arrest for a second, so restless are they, it is impossible to read what is passing through his mind,—much that is trivial, no doubt, for he was callow and schoolboyish when I knew him, but other thoughts as well.’

The same lady described a redeeming feature in his character, his ways with children, which she learned by watching him with an invalid little girl lying in her cot on the deck of a mail-steamer during the return voyage. When his own elder children were small he spent much time with them, and must have been rather a trial to their head nurse, as his ideas of amusement were boisterous. One wet day he conceived the idea of fetching a Shetland pony in a motor from the stables of the Marmorpalais to the Stadt-Schloss at Potsdam and hauling it up to the nursery, where it broke loose and scared the children into tears.

His fondness for some branches of sport enabled him to make a certain number of friends amongst the younger British officers in India, and that is all that can be said in his favour. During the tour he showed himself at that time incapable of filling any position of dignity and responsibility, because he was utterly regardless of the feelings of others. He thought nothing of breaking, at the last minute, for no reason but his own inclination, official and social engagements for which numbers of people had assembled at some inconvenience to show him hospitality, and the result of the tour was to show him up as self-centred, impulsive, and lacking in discretion. He was our guest, so we will not go into details about his behaviour. But I think it is worth while to take note of an incident on one of the voyages which seems to me to be of value to help us to appreciate, not only the character of the Crown Prince himself, but the real difference between British and Prussian ideals. Our want of appreciation of this difference was one of the factors that brought about the war, and it is necessary to understand it if we mean to win. The incident was recited by a fellow-passenger, whose nationality was not British. Amongst

the usual sports got up to while away the tedium of a sea-voyage and provide exercise and amusement, there was a tug-of-war in which both British and Germans took part. These are exciting contests, and the whole interest centres in the difficulty of getting a grip with your feet on the smooth deck ; putting your foot up against a bulkhead, stanchion, or other obstacle is forbidden, as it spoils the whole sport. The Crown Prince, who was looking on, whispered to an Englishman : ' Why don't you put your foot up against that stanchion ? ' The Englishman said ' I can't, it wouldn't be playing the game.' The Crown Prince accepted the explanation and then made the same suggestion to a German, who at once accepted it and, by cheating, enabled his side to win. After this triumph, the Crown Prince pointed the moral to an audience of admirers—and others—that by acting on these principles the Germans would always defeat the British.

The years between 1911 and 1913 were uneventful excepting for one important event, the blazing indiscretion in the Reichstag on November 9, 1911, after the Agadir incident. A Pan-German Junker in an attack upon the Chancellor indulged in the usual violent abuse of England and France. The Crown Prince, who had come up from Danzig specially, leant forward in his seat, clapped his hands, and cheered the speaker. It was an impulsive act of the moment, showing an entire want of ballast or statesmanship, and the Kaiser took care for some time that he stayed with his regiment at Danzig, where he became humbly apologetic. It was the action of an irresponsible schoolboy, and, up to 1914, that description still suited him best. He still dreamed of military glory, without a notion of the realities of warfare. With this motive in his life he definitely threw in his lot with the powerful military caste, and was as wax in their hands. To their influence on his character we can attribute the telegram of congratulation he sent to Colonel von Reuter on the occasion of the Zabern incident in 1913, which led even Germans to doubt the advantage of pandering to the insufferable violence and conceit of their officer class. When his friends found the Kaiser too strong for them, they put up the Crown Prince to face him, and, on occasions, with some success. The solitary incident in his career which points to any real independence of spirit occurred when he told his father of certain unsavoury scandals in the Imperial entourage. They affected, amongst others, some of the Kaiser's special friends,



and the Crown Prince is credited with taking this action on his own initiative.

Here is an appreciation of his character by one who knew him intimately during the years preceding the war: 'Intelligent up to a point. Very youthful, full of life and spirits, ready for any joke. No sense of duty or responsibility. Unlike his father in this respect. Quite inconsiderate and thoughtless. Does not always play the game. Longing for military glory.' And here is another by a man who knows him equally well: 'An overgrown child. Acts on impulse and is sorry afterwards. Thoroughly selfish. Weak character, likely to be run by others.'

This was the type of youth whose position made him a useful tool in the hands of the men who had decided to force the great war upon the world in 1914. His proposed tour round the German colonies was cancelled in the early spring, about the same time that the large contracts for steam coal were placed in America. He openly sympathised with the war party, and in the crisis he played the part of a child in a powder magazine. He went to meet the Kaiser, who was on his way back from Norway, in July, and, according to one story, was heard to shout for war in conversation with his father on the journey to Berlin, even going to the extent of urging him either to give the order to march, or resign.

Before the war, then, we can have no doubt about the verdict. Not Super-Kaiser, but 'Little Willie' of the caricaturists. In those fateful days of July 1914 he was at the zenith of his popularity with the German people, who had been carefully worked up by the military party and their sycophantic tools the bellicose professors into a war mania. He was looked upon as the personal embodiment of this craze, and as the leader of the war movement; more popular than the Kaiser himself with the mob, he was followed wherever he went by cheering crowds, and the endurance of this popularity was then to be tested by his capacity in actual warfare.

The outbreak of war gave the Crown Prince a brilliant opportunity for acquiring military fame. Apart from his qualities as a leader, we all know the stories of his personal interest in art treasures and loot met with in the advance; but we can put these aside as not proven, and follow bigger events. Without any real knowledge of war he was jumped up in rank from commander of a cavalry regiment to lieutenant-general, and given command of the largest group of army-corps. But, if the plans of the Great General Staff had succeeded, all his army had to do was to press

straight on. According to the scheme, an immense force was to be swung through Belgium round the left flank of the French army, which then, according to programme, would have been hurled back in confusion. No great leadership was required for the central armies. Their marches had all been calculated to an hour, all the staff work been done beforehand, and, with such vast forces, no change of plan or direction was possible. The Belgian field army and the Liège forts put the brake on the first movements of the great masses trying to turn the flank. Then the little old British army stood in their way and fell back, fighting against desperate odds, and, with the help of Sordet's cavalry on their flank, gained time for Joffre to mature his great strategic stroke. The tide turned at the Battle of the Marne. There was to be no easily gained victory, followed by a procession into Paris headed by Hohenzollerns, covered with cheaply earned military glory. Then, for many months, the Commanders of German armies required the great qualities of leadership, endurance, sound judgment, forethought, devotion to a great ideal, strength of character, the power of inspiring thousands of men, and of gauging the spirit of the enemy and foreseeing his designs. In these qualities the Crown Prince failed. If the Battle of the Marne saved Paris, and the Battle of Ypres saved Calais, the great battles round Verdun may be said to have saved France. Again and again the Crown Prince's 'cannon-fodder' were driven forward to the slaughter, without any hope of gaining their object. His losses must have amounted to at least half a million, and the result was failure. Something had to be done to save the Hohenzollern family reputation as Super-Warriors, so this appeared in the Crown Prince's orders to his troops (September 1916) :

'The Kaiser to-day conferred upon me the oak leaves *Pour le Mérite*. The appreciation shown by this high distinction refers not only to me' (very Hohenzollern this) 'but also to everyone of my brave army. It is an expression of thanks by His Majesty for what the Army has achieved in the fighting before Verdun.'

And since then, they lost the portion of territory they gained in their desperate attempt to break through the French lines.

Then, in October 1916, came his interview with an American journalist. There we must read between the lines, and assume that his sayings were inspired from Head Quarters. If we want to realise the meanings of our enemy's military doings, all we have

to do is to go to the teacher—Clausewitz—from whom they all learn about warfare. To those who invade their neighbours' countries he issued a grave warning, to beware of the culminating point of victory, and, when that comes, to make peace at once. Otherwise reaction will set in, and you may lose all you have gained, you may collapse completely. The military authorities thought that the culminating point had been reached in October 1916.

'I have had,' said the Crown Prince, 'and I trust I still have, many friends in England.'—'We are all tired of bloodshed'—'a terrible extinction of human life, blasting the hope and expectancy of youth, and mortgaging our energies and resources far into the future'—'every General, every officer, every man would far rather see all this labour, skill, education, intellectual resource, and physical powers devoted to the tasks of upbuilding and lengthening life, subduing the common enemies of man—disease and the material obstacles to the progress of mankind—than devoted to the destruction of other men,' and so on. And against this I have this note of a conversation with one who knows him very well indeed: 'The Crown Prince is tired of the war because it interferes with his amusements.' There are current rumours (January 1918) that, owing to the Russian collapse, the Germans are able to mass a sufficient force on the Western Front to make a desperate bid for decisive victory. The political situation in Germany points to an urgent need for such a victory, and to the most serious consequences that would follow an unsuccessful attempt to gain it. In order to keep up the faith of the people in the Hohenzollerns as hereditary warriors, it is said that the Crown Prince is to be brought into prominence in a very high command during these operations. There are counter-reports that he is to be replaced in his command. Time will show which of these statements is correct; meanwhile he seems to have committed himself to the violently aggressive organisation which masks its imperialistic designs under the name of the 'Fatherland' party.

To summarise: From such information as can be obtained, I think that, both before and during the war, the verdict must be Little Willie, not Super-Kaiser. He seems so far to have shown no signs of real greatness, but we must remember that the German Empire was not made by a Hohenzollern, it was made by Bismarck. Here is a story as told by himself: 'I found Royalty in a bad way; it was too weak for what is required under our monarchical

conditions. Now and then I fancy I have been the means of making it too powerful, at least for the time being. Have you ever heard the story of the rider who could not get on his horse, and called upon his patron saint to help him into the saddle? The patron saint came to his assistance, and gave him such a powerful lift up that he vaulted clean over the saddle to the other side of his steed. . . . That you see was something like my action with Royalty. I now and then fancy I have been too violent.'

When other nations reflect upon the disadvantages of being the catspaws of the Hohenzollerns, when the German people are allowed to control their own destiny, when they learn that the myth about their being in danger of attack in 1914 was a Hohenzollern falsehood, in other words, when they are no longer content to be mere 'cannon-fodder,' then 'Little Willie' will require the help of a Super-Bismarck to keep him in the saddle.

## TORPEDOED.

### I.

THE first torpedo struck us at a few minutes past ten o'clock in the morning. I was down below in the saloon with E——. We had both kept a boat-watch during the night and were the last officers to come to breakfast.

The saloon was a fine large place with lots of glass, and tables, and white-jacketed stewards. Above, on the deck, the men and most of the officers had fallen in at dawn and were to remain alert during our passage through the 'danger zone.' A couple of Japanese destroyers, one to port and one to starboard, formed our escort. Our course was a series of zigzags at fourteen knots by day and rather more at night.

E—— and I ate our bacon and eggs and drank our coffee. The steward waiting on us was a clean-shaved little fellow who looked much like a low comedian. When the torpedo struck there was no mistaking it for anything else. E—— and I laughed, as much as to say 'Here she is!' Then I put on my cork belt, asked myself whether any part of me had suffered in the explosion and received a confident answer, and next I leapt up the three flights of stairs that led to the liner's deck and my own boat-station. E—— raced with me. I have never seen him since. He had a lovable habit of mothering people. I dare say it cost him his life. There is something specially tragical about this officer's disappearance. He was the last of three brothers. Two had died gallantly in France, and so that one of her boys might be spared to the bereaved mother, E—— had been taken out of the trenches and given a 'safe' job at the Base. Yet even so the Fates had followed him. . . .

The stewards and cooks raced with us too. There was a something theatrical and cinema-ish about that picture—so many white jackets and blue uniform trousers and white overalls.

All this time—it might be a couple of minutes—the greater part of me was so active that I have no recollection of any instant devoted to fear. Crude and horrible as it may sound, there was a

large portion of my consciousness which was most vividly and delightfully enjoying itself. I will try to explain why.

Firstly, the torpedo had come and with it an end to our suspense. A weight seemed lifted. I have crossed the Channel five times, the Mediterranean twice and a fraction—I call the last effort a fraction—during this war; and much of these twenty-three nights and seventeen days one was waiting. The Channel crossing is nothing. You turn in, go to sleep, and wake in safe waters. But from Salonica to port, or from Europe to Salonica, you are at the mercy of your digestion, your nerves, and, especially in my own case, an incorrigible imagination. I am a writer, and therefore have not spared that faculty. Well, the torpedo had come at last, and now farewell to fond imaginings.

And secondly and chiefly, *the whole thing was so terrible as to be quite unreal*. In that way it defeated itself. I, for one, simply could not believe in it: 'Such things are done at the "pictures" or at Drury Lane; they are not done in real life,' I was arguing something like that, very swiftly no doubt, very subconsciously. I am not aware that I argued, but I do know that at the outset the whole thing seemed like an exciting, wonderful adventure, and withal quite unreal.

Just picture us, on a great liner, cosy as a grand hotel. Everything was remote from war and death, as I have seen them so constantly on land these last three years. No mud, no dirt, no continuity. And we were all at ease and leading civilian lives, with bathrooms, linen sheets, and even an American bar! . . . I don't know why, but I had imagined it all quite differently. . . .

As one rushed upstairs one thought of things one had valued yesterday—two brand-new pairs of boots, one's field-glasses, some money—they seemed so utterly of no account.

Providence must have been with me, for, arrived on deck, I stood flush before my boat, Number 13. I stood there and took charge. To left of me the right people were busy with our sixty-six sisters. These ladies were part of the staff of a new hospital unit. Safely they were put into their boats, safely lowered, and safely rowed away from us. We cheered them as they left, and they cheered back. Then Tommy, lined on deck, struck up a song. He always does in moments of emotion. . . .

I had filled my boat as full as it would go. All was ready. I stepped on board and gave the signal. Then slowly we descended. Above our heads one of the ship's officers was seeing to it that we

went down all right. Immediately below us was another boat. It pushed off at last, and now we were free to hit the water. Before we pushed off I took on five of the crew who had helped to lower us. They swarmed down the ropes and reached us safely. Then I refused to take anybody else and we got the oars out and rowed away. Only then did I notice that the ship had stopped dead. She looked perfectly steady, like a ship anchored.

On leaving her I had thought of the two other officers who should have been with me, and of the long rows of men I had seen drawn up on the decks. A moment I had hesitated, feeling very like a rat, but it was my duty to leave them and I had no choice. Three more boats were waiting to follow mine. I pointed this out to the men I had to leave behind. And still I felt rather like a rat. Now, with a fuller knowledge, I am glad I went.

I was the only officer in our boat. All my fifty companions were 'other ranks,' or else members of the crew. Straightaway I took command and it seemed a relief to the men, and was certainly a relief to me. I heard shouts of 'Listen to the officer'; and all those fifty pairs of eyes I knew would judge me, and, if I were worthy, trust me. I had no cap, but I had my tunic and its rank badges for all to see.

Within me I knew that I was an absolute novice, as green as the green waters on which we now moved and had our being. 'Row away from the ship' was my first order. Six or eight boats and numerous rafts were already floating on the water. They had put a safe distance between themselves and the ship, and I thought it right to do the same. One had heard stories about 'suction,' how a sinking vessel drew down other craft with it. So away we rowed, very crowded and jammed together. When we had gone a couple of hundred yards, I turned to our professional sailors. Two were young negroes; the other three were white; but all five seemed to know little more than I. They were probably stokers or kitchen hands. In any case I speedily realised that they could help me very little and that I must rely on my own judgment.

So we floated, one of many little units on those waters, and for a long time we were kept passionately interested by what we saw. Speaking for myself, I have never lived through moments so tense, so big, so charged with all extremes and textures of emotion.

The big ship—she was near to 15,000 tons—stood like an island, and as though she could stand for ever. While one of our destroyers went away on an unknown quest, the other drew alongside. We



saw the little khaki figures swarm into her, and, to be frank, we envied them. Then the destroyer manœuvred and there was a flash and an explosion. A second torpedo had struck and the Japanese commander had just dodged it. We now saw that his mast was broken and his wireless installation was sagging. But still the great ship stood there like an island. 'She's beached,' shouted someone; and for quite a while there were many of us who felt that this was likely.

Our next diversion came from the destroyer. Someone on board was signalling us to get out of the way, and someone else on board was firing the forward gun straight past us. We were in the line of fire and an obstruction. And so we rowed away from there, getting clear. Five or six shells were fired. We heard later that the target was a sailing boat which the submarine had used to screen her periscope. Personally, I saw nothing of sailing-boat, submarine, or periscope.

I imagine that I must have been uncommonly busy. The sea was now nursing a little fleet of boats and rafts, and some of my own men wanted comforting. One flash of the Comic Spirit cheered us all. He was a fat, bald-headed soldier on a raft, probably a quartermaster-sergeant. He sprawled at his ease, lying face to the sun, just like a man on a holiday. A pipe stuck in that calm and florid face would have perfected the picture. I hope his sublime coolness has been rewarded.

A similar raft, quite empty, floated by, and it is with a twinge of shame that I admit I would have gladly swum to it. We were overcrowded, some of us had to be suppressed, and one or two of us were terrified. As an officer I was doing my duty, but as an individual I was not altogether happy. I envied the leisure, the spacious ease, the care-free dignity of that fat man with a whole raft to himself.

That moment passed, as did many another. I remember especially another boat with only five men on board, four rowing gaily past us, the fifth baling. It seemed to us a horrible injustice, and several of my men said so aloud. I negatived the proposition, however, that we should get alongside and in part transfer. We seemed all right, and it struck me as best to leave well alone.

There followed next the most dramatic period of that spectacle. So far the great ship had stood firm, as though anchored. We noticed now that she had a definite list to starboard. The angle grew steeper, and then suddenly her bow dropped, her stern lifted,

and next she slid to the bottom like a diver. It was as though a living thing had disappeared beneath the waves. We watched her, open-mouthed, a tightness at our hearts. We missed the comfort of her presence, we felt the tragedy of her surrender. In her death and engulfment there was a something more than human. So might a city built by countless hands and quick with life pass suddenly away. From somewhere in the middle of her blew a great puff of smoke, and I noticed that her deck as she stood on end, one half of her submerged, was bare and naked. It might have been a ballroom floor.

We said nothing, but it was evident that most of us felt and thought alike. We turned now a more searching eye upon the strange shores that lay some five miles distant and upon the strange city whose central monuments fixed our attention. What kind of people lived there and would they send us help? we seemed to ask. But already the latter question was answered. A small steamer, evidently a tug, was the forerunner of rescue.

You must picture us now on an empty sea, for, with the going of our ship, although some thousands of us were floating, struggling, and, alas! drowning, we made no great impression on that immensity. We felt very small and we felt very much alone and neglected.

So far, absorbed by the larger drama of those hours, I have hardly done justice to our own personal worries and hesitations. To begin with, our boat either leaked, or we had omitted to replace the plug which is part of a boat's equipment and the absence or presence of which regulates the escape of rainwater from a boat as it hangs on its davits. We leaked, and a rising sea added to this danger; for beside taking in water from below, the big waves when we met them broadside-on drenched us and filled us still more. To remedy this latter evil, and after discovering also that we were rudderless, I constituted myself coxswain of the boat. . . . I stood up and shouted 'Right' or 'Left' as the case might be, and the men pulled bravely. Thus, by using our oars—and though we lost one or two there were always sufficient—we were able to keep our boat head-on to the waves and rise or sink with them instead of meeting them sideways.

The leakage from below, however, was a far more serious matter. At first we tried to hold our own with an iron bucket we had found aboard. This helped matters, but still the water was gaining on us. We sat in it and watched it climbing. Then one of the men

baling dropped the bucket over the side. It was gone. I called him a particular kind of fool, in which opinion he certainly concurred; and then a happy inspiration caused me to remember a couple of fresh-water casks and a couple of hatchets I had noticed in the boat during my second watch at daybreak.

We fished for the casks and found one, and we fished some more and found a hatchet. We stove in the cask, emptied it, and began to bale. Then I had the luck to discover the second cask, and soon we had both going as hard as willing arms could fill them and throw the water back into the sea.

I shall never forget the sigh of relief that went up from most of us as gradually we obtained the mastery over that relentless foe. From our waistline, the water sank little by little to below our knee; and I thanked God for it. We felt safe again. Now there were only two things to bear in mind. Firstly, we must keep her head-on to the waves, and, secondly, we must keep on baling.

During this critical period I made a closer acquaintance with my comrades. I had never seen any of them before, so I did not know their names or anything about them. Mentally, I described the more marked characters to myself, and even went the length of inventing nicknames. There was the Pop-Eye Man, for instance. He was a sailor or, rather, a member of the crew. He was so terrified that he shouted wild things at us and his eyes seemed to pop out of his head. What he yelled I neither knew nor cared. He made me realise that there are such things as cowards, and once or twice I caught myself wondering what it was that made him so afraid of death, so tenacious of life. Was it wife, children, or beer that so unmanned him? He had a beery look and rather a brutal, bullying manner. He is saved and is now probably lying hard about his confounded heroism. That type usually does.

Then there was the Cocoanut-Shy Man. At village and other English festivals there are men who keep up a continual shouting in a hoarse and blatant voice. They must have lungs of brass, and as often as not they are attached to a cocoanut-shy outfit. I had one such man on board. He was probably shouting to keep his own courage up as much as ours. 'Three more strokes to the shore, boys!' he yelled. 'Three more strokes! Now all together!' And so on. And so on. He had a voice like a bull and made the welkin ring with encouragement and exhortation. Of course no three nor three thousand strokes would have taken us to the shore. The sea, the wind, and our own deadweight were all

against us. But still the Cocoanut-Shy Man, whether it was rowing or baling, worked like a man and encouraged others to work and was a good fellow.

There was the Man-who-Nodded. He was a sailor in the stern. I faced him, and whenever I ordered the boat's head to be kept on to the waves, he nodded approval and seemed satisfied.

Other figures come back to me, other faces. One poor Tommy broke a tragic silence by crossing over to me, and all tremulous, confessing 'I haven't got my belt, sir.' Nor had he. I put him to baling—and bale he did! He was easily our champion.

Beside me all the time was a boy of about eighteen, fresh from home, a private in the Royal Army Medical Corps. He nestled beside me with large trustful eyes like a dear little dog, and whatever I asked him to do he did quietly and implicitly. If I have any touch of vanity it must have been tickled by that dear lad's faith in me.

There were two negroes—stokers, I believe—in the boat. They sat quite still, moving neither head nor foot, a picture of resignation. Their passive silence was monumental.

A fair young fellow, probably a shop assistant before the war, and, I believe, a corporal or sergeant in the Army Service Corps, worked well and always with intelligence and coolness. And there was a plucky middle-aged man in the stern who simply oozed calmness and confidence, though he once had me puzzled by telling me that the rudder was there and working as it should do. He admitted later that he had said this to cheer up the waverers.

Now as to the waverers, they were mostly boys, and I think all of them were seasick. It is very difficult to be a hero when you are seasick. One or two whom I urged to row or bale replied 'I'm done, sir.' And done they were, I suppose, poor beggars.

I too, though smiling in the face of events, had a lengthy period of doubt and even went so far as to loosen my soaked boots as a precaution. It was when the water threatened to sink or overturn us. I remember a few of the thoughts that criss-crossed with more practical reflections. Chief and foremost was the recognition that I had had forty-seven years of life and a 'd—d good time,' all things considered. Friendship, love, books, pictures, music I'd had; and I'd seen a good deal of the world and its adventures. And as I thought of these it occurred to me that I'd done pretty well everything except die, and that after all Barrie was right. In 'Peter Pan,' you will remember, he makes his hero say that

death is the greatest adventure of the lot. I probably misquote him, but that is the gist of it. Now I had always thought that sentiment unreal and a piece of clap-trap. And so it was in a way. I heard it fresh from the Russian Revolution of 1905-6. The audience who applauded struck me as about the last people in the world who wanted to die ; in fact, London after Russia seemed a place where people wanted to go to offices, make money and live for ever, and Barrie's audience more so than any of them. But as I stood in the boat and contemplated the possibility and even probability of this last great adventure, it occurred to me that Peter Pan was right—exactly right.

It also annoyed me to think that the two books I have lived for all my life and have not yet written might get drowned. This annoyed me very seriously. They seemed such wonderful, splendid books, now that there was a chance of their going under. Parallel with these diversions was the discovery of the two fresh-water casks and their prompt utilisation. I baled away myself and made others bale. . . .

The sea now, or at about this period, held five good hopes for us. There were the two original Japanese destroyers, one Italian destroyer that was picking people up, and two Italian tug-boats. The submarine seemed to have finished for the day.

My men, even earlier, had in part seemed to think that we were the only people who mattered. They had waved and yelled and they had let off flares. These flares were to me a mystery and rather a source of laughter. Probably they formed part of our boat's furniture, but in broad daylight they could be of no real use, and it was like setting fireworks off at midday. I had advocated patience and suggested that lots of people were far worse off than we were, which was indeed the case.

Now, although there were five authentic steamboats going and coming on the waters, the whole area in sight seemed so enormous and everything human on it so small, that I felt help would take some time in getting to us. As a matter of fact we survivors must have flecked a good many square miles of that vast carpet. We were a thin sprinkling, and we covered a considerable area. Hence it was largely a matter of luck who came first and last. And so I was content to wait our turn.

It came at length in the shape of a Japanese destroyer. She was taking in a boat-load of survivors not fifty yards from us. And so, with hearts considerably lighter, we pulled towards her.

We were on the wrong side at first, and wind and sea would have made our rescue from that quarter dangerous. But speedily we turned and came round her; she threw us a line which we caught and clung to; then came a rope and our main adventure was over.

The first man to get aboard was the poor devil without a lifebelt. He didn't wait to be asked. Then all my men scrambled up the shallow side of the destroyer, helped by the strong brown arms of square-built little sailormen. Those Japs were all helpfulness and smiles of welcome. One or two of my own men paused to say 'Thank you, sir,' before they left. It was nice of them, but I didn't feel they owed many thanks to me. I was the last to quit our boat, and we left it drifting. God only knows where it is to-day. It was Number 13; and in Italy, where we landed, 13 is a lucky number.

On the destroyer, now crowded with the rescued, I was welcomed by several of my brother officers. We even shook hands and made pretty speeches—a thing we rarely do. My grey hair and middle-age seemed to make some of them think that I was more 'done' than was actually the case. As a matter of fact, I was pretty fit and only anxious to get a smoke. It must have been shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon, and I had had nothing to eat since ten o'clock that morning. We were about four and a half hours in the boat. It did not seem as long as that; in fact, the time had gone rather quickly. To my companions, perhaps, free from responsibility or shaken by seasickness, it must have seemed a longer business.

Before I return to the destroyer, I would like to record a psychological experience which must be common to many men who 'live dangerously,' but which I have never seen stated in print or heard by word of mouth.

I have lived much for sport, and have occasionally done things which the newspapers describe as 'brilliant.' Every athlete has done the same. These are almost 'impossible' things; but a perfect physical fitness makes them possible. You are praised for doing them, and you almost receive such praises with a certain disdain; for you didn't really risk your neck or a split head; or even if you did, what of it? Most men, on their day, have physical courage. I personally do not value it at a tenth of the price I put on moral courage—the courage of the great artist, for instance, or the courage of the junior officer who stands up to a rascally or cowardly senior. These men are the heroes for my money. And I remember still how, when all that strain was over and I was free to leave our little

boat, a touch of that old disdain humbled me. Most men who are praised for doing their job must feel as I felt, even—to compare small things with great—our most decorated and be-paraphrased.

## II.

Naval warfare is, I take it, a thing of contrasts. We retained two impressions of that particular Japanese destroyer: the first, fierce and catlike; the second, all smiles and willing helpfulness. I had seen it spit its shells, its battle-flag gleaming like a blood-shot eye. The red and white streaks of Japan's naval ensign had floated out on the breeze with an almost human intensity—a single splash of colour, and that the absolutely right one. Now the same ship was moving hither and thither, intent on its work of rescue, picking up men in batches of two, or three, or four.

Ours had been the last boat-load of fifty souls or so to be taken aboard. The destroyer next dealt with the flotsam and jetsam that had held out on rafts, real or improvised. We huddled together on the narrow deck, and it was our turn to watch—we who a few moments before had ourselves provided the spectacle.

In little groups we dragged them in. A line would be thrown, and if it went true the first time, caught and held by eager hands, the sturdy Japs would have our men on deck in a twinkling. Sometimes it missed, and then there followed a second shot that did the trick. Once a too anxious Tommy made us shake with laughter.

'Hold tight!' he cried from the deck to a man on a raft who had caught a rope end. As if that man would not hold tight!

Every now and again we passed the floating bodies of the drowned, their faces hid in the lifebelts that made them bob so pathetically, as though they too were made of cork. Cold, sea-sickness, exhaustion had made them give way: a man in these circumstances is as strong as his vitality.

We cruised for perhaps an hour, drenched with spray. A dry cigarette was treasure-trove to us. We shared those we had, taking our turn at them. I had at least four sucks at a fat Abdullah—Number 14; it was very good. Debris from the ship floated past us, noticeably a beautiful writing-desk complete. It was there for anybody to take; I wonder what became of it. Two hydroplanes, part of our deck cargo, in enormous packing-cases, rode the waves, looking for all the world like huge Noah's Arks. As we watched we swapped stories, and those of us who were too cold



drifted off to the shelter of the ward-room. Our hosts passed round biscuits, and every now and then an officer on the bridge would chalk up some piece of information on a slate which he held aloft. It was thus we learnt that we were bound for S——, a port in Italy. We could already see its churches, towers, and factory chimneys.

But the warm heart of it we could not see; in fact, we were dubious, wondering what kind of a reception we would meet from these strangers, among whom so nakedly and so unexpectedly we were presently to descend.

They did not leave us long in doubt. Some of us had been in Italy before as tourists; to-day we were her guests. Red Cross sisters had erected stalls on the quay and were active with hospitality. I drank coffee, wine, and beer indiscriminately, ate bread and biscuit and smoked cigarettes.

Every available motor-car from far and near was there to fetch our wounded and our dead. There were men who had been hurt in the two explosions, and men who had jumped from ship to destroyer and broken a leg. On our destroyer deck I now saw the body of Major B——. I had known that he was lost; but I was yet to hear that he had reached a safe place on a raft, which, trusting to his powers as a swimmer, he had yielded to two men less able than himself. They were saved, but the cold of a long immersion had proved too much for Major B——. He was a partner in the famous bank which bears his name, a brave man who had died here as unselfishly as he had lived.

I was hungry now, in fact ravenous, so I stepped into one of the motor-cars that were going inland. Half a dozen of us were packed in it, and we drove through long lines of excited people who cheered us, wept over us, who pelted us with flowers, and made much of us generally. We cheered back, and when we were hoarse and had left the crowd behind, our car drew up at a large building on a hill. We discovered it was a hospital. Half of us remained there, the other half explained that what we wanted was a square meal and a place where we could dry our clothes. So downhill we came again, and so to the portals of the best hotel. There I ate the first meal I had had that day. It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. And afterwards I got into a bed and warmed myself and asked the chambermaid to dry my clothes.

We spent the best part of a week in Italy, among a population that no single one of us can ever thank sufficiently. High and

low, rich and poor, there was nothing they would not give us or do for us. Many of us were taken to homes, and I have heard of poor working people who went without food themselves so that some British Tommy who was their guest might eat his fill.

The military authorities looked after our clothing, and we were really a sight one cannot readily forget. In bersaglieri fez and tassel we roamed about, in capacious grey cloaks, in grey peaked caps, in every shape and make of Italian uniform. We hardly knew one another, and when we did it was to stop and laugh and laugh again.

On the Sunday S—— gave the first twenty of us who had died or whose bodies had been washed ashore a public funeral. It was the most impressive funeral I have ever seen. In a procession fully a mile long we streamed away to the Campo Santo. The whole town and countryside was there to watch us, on sidewalk, crowded balconies, and even from the housetops. Many of the women were weeping as they stood there, thinking of their own menfolk away on the two fronts.

To the Italians the most interesting members of this stream of mourners were 'Le donne,' as they termed our own brave sisters. In scarlet and grey, such as had saved their uniforms marched gallantly down the long road that led to the cemetery. The whole sixty-six were present, many dressed in the hats and skirts and blouses provided by the ladies of S——. We were proud of our women—but that is an old story.

With Italians and British troops marched the sailors of Japan, smart and workmanlike. I had never seen them in a body before and I observed them closely. I may be mistaken, but to me they seemed as formidable as any seamen in the world. Physically and morally they impressed me deeply. One little thing won my particular regard: instead of machine-turned decorations, they wore real jewels, the work of a craftsman. It is a small matter, but a people that will do this will do much else.

The Japanese officers were obviously men of breeding, and on more than one face I seemed to read a supreme disdain (which many of us share) for a civilisation which expresses itself in mechanics and explosives. 'You Westerners have forced us to take a hand in this,' they seemed to say; 'very well then, we will take a hand, till, sooner or later, you reach our level of civilisation, and then we can scrap all these toys and devilments, and so go on with the realities that lead to God.'

Perhaps I imagined this ; yet without those quiet figures, whose pride it was to stand there as though carved and from another world, I could not have imagined anything of the kind.

I had seven days in Italy. They are indeed unforgettable, but before I am done with them, their light can support the shadow cast by the little spy. He is among the meanest of creatures, and he came to me, snakelike, in the guise of a friend and comforter. But he spoilt his game by being far too eager, and so he is now in a place where his German friends cannot even pay him the thin rewards of his disgusting trade.

We had met on the quayside. There he was very conspicuously free with Red Cross cigarettes and comestibles—a generous lad and a charitable. Later on he invited me to his ‘house.’ He was a great though wholly transparent liar and braggart.

His ‘house’ turned out to be a mean room in a back street. Arrived there he put the usual questions, and I rewarded his confidence by giving him full particulars as to how many men we had lost, our destination, and the names of the various units that had embarked. In exchange I received two pocket handkerchiefs and a much-darned pair of socks—both of which I needed badly. I am afraid that this young man now regards me as less of a fool than I appeared to be.

### III.

Before closing this paper I would like to repeat a few of the stories told me by my brother officers.

There was Second Lieutenant F——, a boy of twenty. This young gunner had gone down with the ship. After a long descent, he had started to come up. In a few moments this upward movement ceased. F—— now found himself in a place where he could breathe, but so utterly dark that he concluded he was trapped in some watertight section of the ship many fathoms below sea-level. In this horrible solitude he waited. Death had but delayed a stroke, which was worse than drowning. So he argued during minutes that seemed hours. After a while he began to feel around him. He could see nothing, but his groping hands at last reached a place where the walls of his prison gave way to water. He made up his mind to dive and chance it. He came up immediately into broad daylight. Two friends were perched astride the upturned boat whose dark interior he had so terribly misunderstood. They pulled him up beside them.

Second Lieutenant P—— I found in hospital with a badly bruised head. He too had gone down with the ship, and, ascending like a cork, had got his head jammed between two boats. He was taken on board one of these insensible.

Lieutenant S—— had gone down with the ship. His best friend Captain C—— and he had gone down together. S——, caught and held by some cruel piece of wreckage, had never been seen again. C—— was safe.

Captain B—— of the R.A.M.C. went down with the injured men whose broken limbs he was bandaging. He escaped without difficulty.

The swimmers I swapped stories with had suffered from cold and exhaustion; they had been rescued in the nick of time.

Summing up the whole matter one may conclude:

1. That it is inadvisable to leave the ship till she has stopped dead. The few men who jumped overboard at the first explosion, moved by a nervous impulse beyond their control, were left behind, and it is believed drowned.

2. When you jump and swim for it, get clear of the ship; for one may get caught in cordage or other tackle, and bobbing up, one may bang one's head against something hard. A cork lifebelt shoots a man up to the surface, which, of course, is strewn with wreckage, rafts, and other hard materials.

3. More than anything else it is advisable to keep a cool head on one's shoulders. Excitement is contagious and only leads to confusion.

Before we re-embarked I 'censored,' as in duty bound, the letters of many of our rank and file.

'We've met with a bit of an accident,' wrote one, 'but it's no use grumbling; what I'm thinking about is Charlie Luck's new potatoes.' If any German comes across this paragraph he may begin to understand that he is wasting both U-boats and torpedoes.

## GERMAN GIRLS IN ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

BY SCHOOLMISTRESS.

KULTUR, in the German sense, may perhaps be defined as the intensive cultivation of citizens by and for the State. Just as the modern farmer, by the application of scientific methods, including the restriction or even the denial of liberty and of natural growth, improves a strain of poultry or increases the bearing capacity of his orchards, so the German State, determined to make the most of every source of strength and profit in the human material it controls, has planned out a system of education which shapes to its most effective use the brain power of every individual. Well cared for, well taught, well disciplined, well protected, Germans become in time of peace excellent machines for the production of wealth, in time of war brave and submissive cannon-fodder. The fact is firmly grasped that Liberty often involves *waste*—waste of time, of talent, of strength, of opportunity—and so Liberty is withheld. Even the most powerful home opponents of the German government recognise the same principle, for the passionate aspirations of the Social Democrats aim not at Liberty, but at the effective cultivation, up to a high standard of capacity and material comfort, of every member of society—an ideal which simply bars out Liberty.

Briefly, Culture presupposes, Kultur precludes Liberty.

Kultur, so understood, is therefore not merely different from what we connote in the word Culture, but opposed to it. If I may be allowed to describe the complete development of the mind as of three dimensions : Length, representing specialised power in one direction ; Breadth, the general, as distinct from the concentrated familiarity with all domains of thought ; Height, the spiritual, upward spring—the point of view, whether religious or philosophic, from which each individual surveys life—then Culture to us implies Breadth and a certain Height, to the Prussians mainly Length. Hence their thoroughness and efficiency, hence their driving power, their devotion to work, their ruthless unscrupulousness in the pursuit of national and personal aims, hence their failure to estimate aright the qualities and aims of others ; hence also perhaps their lack of the humour with which the French and English can enjoy a laugh at their own expense. The mentality of the Prussians in this last respect, amounting to the naïvest and narrowest

inability to see themselves as others see them, is an outstanding revelation of the war.

But the above suggests a wide field. For my present purpose it suffices to indicate what I believe to be at the back of the German mind in its zeal for Kultur, and what the effect is on the education and position of the German *woman*.

Clearly it is only logical that precedence should be given to the idea of motherhood. In the great citizen-farm, run by the State, the woman is first and foremost the child-bearer, and must be systematically prepared for success in this capacity and for the care of the future citizen in his early years. She is also the wife, and as such responsible for the well-being of the citizen in his mature years. The *Hausfrau* then, practical, trained, devoted, surrounded by babies, wielding unquestioned authority over her household, expecting no pleasures outside the home, and occupied with no interests apart from it, was long the type of German woman praised by philosophers and sung in literature. Even now the Imperial motto for women, *Kirche, Kinder, Küche*, maintains the tradition.

But in the worldly society of Germany—and nowhere does there exist a more thoroughly worldly society—this ideal no longer holds the field. The Kaiser may preach it, the ministers desire it and provide the education adapted to secure it, but the feminist movement has had its followers and supporters even in the strongholds of German Kultur, and for many years past parents of the wealthy classes, and to a less extent of the aristocracy, have given their daughters a more liberal education than the *Hausfrau* needed. This being difficult in Germany it had become quite usual, before the war, to send the girls to good English schools, and it is about these girls that I propose to write, proffering as my justification an experience of many years in a school near London where German girls were regularly received. I could not but become familiar with the lines on which these pupils had been educated before they came to us, and with the characteristics they manifested while with us.

The German girl was usually brought over by *both* parents, and in all honesty I must say that the attitude of both father and mother towards the woman to whom they were entrusting their child was almost invariably excellent. They assumed the mistress's real interest in the welfare of her pupil, deferred to her on the subject of study in England with a frank recognition of her wider experience, and nearly always established relations of reciprocal confidence and esteem.

Naturally they made a great point of the child's seeing as much as possible of English life, visiting English galleries, museums, and famous towns, joining in English games, and reading English books. She was to be steeped in everything English, to imbibe a concentrated essence of English, to emerge absolute mistress of English! Kultur, in short, demanded English on the intensive system.

With rare exceptions German girls do not leave their own country till, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, they are confirmed, and thereby passed from school into the world. For Confirmation is not infrequently the end of their religious and the beginning of their social life. The ceremony, which takes place after two years' preparation, is the occasion of much rejoicing and congratulation; the candidate receives flowers and numerous presents, holds a sort of reception, and is thenceforward treated as grown-up. Sometimes my Lutheran girls went to an English church—in which case they naturally preferred the Presbyterian to the Anglican service; sometimes they asked to be taken to the German church in London, but very often they openly proclaimed their emancipation from all religious beliefs and observances. They spoke and acted as though they had *done* religion, very much as the American traveller is credited with *doing* a town or a ruin.

I remember boldly asking a German father why, being, as he assured me, entirely without religious faith himself, or any desire that his daughter should profess a creed, he had yet insisted on her being confirmed.

'It must be so,' he answered. 'No girl in Germany is accepted in society unless she has been confirmed. It is a socially necessary rite, and my daughter would stand no chance of making a good marriage if she did not conform to the general usage.'

'It seems a curiously unreal performance,' I said; 'and surely it must be bad for the girl to practise deception in so grave a matter?'

The father replied with anger that everyone in Germany understood the absence of any religious significance in Confirmation. He did not wish his daughter ever to go to church again; she had done what was required of her, and there was an end of it.

In this case the statement was bald and explicit, but in many other cases I found the same motives and feelings at work.

'What was your two years' preparation like?' I asked sometimes, and the answers given by the girls did not vary much.

'We learnt very much about the Old Testament and parts of the New, and the *Pfarrer* talked often to us about the way in



which we should conduct ourselves, and about our duty to our country, and such things.'

Of course the *Pfarrer* had often been a kind, wise teacher, but even then good principles had been inculcated on a non-religious basis.

I hold no brief for Confirmation as administered and received in the English Church, for I do not consider boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen at all fit to vow fidelity to beliefs they little understand. Confirmation here is often the high-water mark of the religious life—from that time the ardent devotion which fills the child's heart at the moment of the 'I do,' and during her first participation in the Communion Service, often slowly yields to the disintegrating influence of further education and experience, and the vow is not kept. But there is a world of difference between this gradual loss of faith, and the deliberate falsehood involved in making, merely to gain a social end, a solemn profession of faith and a vow to hold to it throughout life, while knowing that from that day forward neither profession nor vow will be regarded as binding.

To pass to other departments of study. In subjects of general education, especially in history and literature, ancient and modern, in geography, elementary astronomy, and other sciences, German girls came far better grounded than our girls, and there were rarely the amazing *lacunae* which simply flabbergast a mistress in our schools, whatever she may be teaching. They would not know everything about one country or period, and nothing whatever about another equally important; they always had a good knowledge of the leading facts in the history of the world, the subject having clearly been taught with care from some good manual, such as Ploetz. Even in English history they would show this acquaintance with outstanding *facts*, and would laugh at an English girl who hesitated over the main dates of the Hundred Years War. Their *views* of noted figures in our history were derived from German writers and poets: Mary Stuart was a saint, Elizabeth a tyrant, Charles I a martyr, Cromwell a brute, and so forth. Nor would anything alter these opinions, though the girls were quite interested to find that other estimates prevailed in England. They had never, so far as I could judge, been made to study even German history in great detail: the object having apparently been to give them a survey of the events which showed up Germans as vastly superior to all other races.

In literature I thought their German schooling far from satisfactory. Here again they were acquainted with many *facts*: they

knew the names and dates of leading authors and could give a list of their works, but that was all. They would know quite well, before they came to England, when Milton lived and what he had written, but they would never have read a line even of 'Paradise Lost.' And it would be just the same with Thackeray or Tennyson, and for the matter of that with many of their own great writers.

I usually asked a German newcomer what English books she had read, and the very short list was apt to run somewhat as follows :

Shakespeare	.	.	<i>As You Like It, 'Hamlet.</i>
Dickens	.	.	'David Copperfield' and perhaps 'Oliver Twist.'
Scott	.	.	'Ivanhoe.'
Miss Alcott	.	.	'Little Women.'
Miss Montgomery	.	.	'Misunderstood.'
Longfellow	.	.	'Evangeline.'

Longfellow always counted as an Englishman, and the greatest English poet after Shakespeare!—an idea I could never trace to its source.

However, my Germans took eagerly to the reading of English, and would generally get through a number of good and representative books during the year or eighteen months they remained with me. They always consulted me, too, before they left as to their future reading, and departed with a trunk full of suitable English literature. Incidentally they adored the inexpensive English leather bindings, and I had not the heart to tell them how perishable these were!

In languages, the Germans took a good position. They usually came speaking French and English with fair ease and accuracy, and often knew something of Italian as well. But I had considerable difficulty in getting them to unlearn certain bad habits of phrase, which were often due to their having learnt English from German teachers. The following examples will serve to show the way in which German usage would be transferred to English speech.

- 'I can impossibly go so far to foot.'
- 'Since I am in England I have seen very much.'
- 'I have had yesterday a letter from my mother.'
- 'He shall still always rest himself.'

Mistakes like these were of obstinate recurrence, and I remember feeling rather desperate when an excellent pupil dropped back after her return to Germany into assuring me that she could 'impossibly' forget my lessons. Other foreigners, ignorant on their arrival of the very rudiments of English, would speak or write it at the end

of a year or two with far more grip of idiom, if with less command of vocabulary.

In class German pupils were remarkably attentive and receptive. Accustomed to discipline, to a polite regard for authority, and to a ready acceptance of hard work, they almost always worked more steadily than the English girls and rarely failed to accomplish the whole of a given task. Sometimes indeed their zeal was almost embarrassing, and I have had to interfere when a German girl, hunting out on the time-table some young mistress's precious free hours, went and asked to have extra lessons then. It would not occur to the girl that the mistress needed rest or respite.

Many people—though not musicians familiar with the work of contemporary music schools and conservatoires—have been much surprised at a fact I can state without qualification. During the twenty-seven years I partly and then wholly directed my school of some thirty pupils, no German girl ever showed any aptitude for music in any form. We often had unusually gifted musicians, especially among the French girls, but *never* a German girl whose musical capacity counted for anything at all. The best pianists came from Paris, and there was evidently an excellent conservatoire at Brussels, but Berlin, Leipzig, and Dresden seemed comparatively dead. In Vienna Leschetizky still gave lessons to a number of fine young pianists, but they went to him rather to be stamped with his name than to learn anything from him they did not know.

Very few German girls learnt Latin or Greek, or anything in mathematics beyond elementary arithmetic. Even if, as an exception, one of them had made a beginning in any of these subjects, she naturally did not give time to it in England, and I have therefore no comments to make.

Nor have I much to say about the physical activities of my German girls. Their parents made a great point of games, and they usually not only played tennis well, but took very kindly to hockey. Most of them took riding lessons, and regarded it as essential that their habit should be made by an English tailor.

In dress, as in matters of everyday habits and manners, I found little difference between the English and German girls, the latter, it must be remembered, coming always from classes that had reached a certain standard of refinement. Our own girls are so far from having perfect manners that I feel we have no right to quote instances of ill-breeding on the part of foreigners.

A tartan (Heaven save the mark!) blouse and a very wide canvas or leather belt invariably formed part of the German pupil's

outfit. Those were trifles, but I was certainly taken aback by the wardrobe of one girl from Hamburg. As usual both parents came with the girl, and the mother, over-dressed and affected, asked to be allowed to help her arrange her things. A little later I went upstairs and found the room simply stacked with clothes. One drawer contained twelve dozen pairs of stockings, a trunk that would have held all my worldly goods was full of hats, and ranged round the wall were thirty pairs of boots and shoes. Another enormous trunk was standing on end, and formed a wardrobe in which were suspended from hangers a dozen or more elaborate evening dresses. Every chair was piled up with under-linen, furs, wraps, &c., every available shelf laden with books, photographs, fancy boxes, toilet silver, perfumery, medicines and manicure cases; every peg groaned under a weight of cloaks, jerseys, and costumes.

I looked at the display in speechless amazement, and then sank, or rather collapsed, on to one of the empty boxes. Happily my undisguised merriment was taken in good part, and soon nine-tenths of the girl's belongings were packed away again and sent to the box-room. As a compromise I accepted the trunk wardrobe, which, draped in a red curtain they had brought for the purpose, disfigured the room the whole time the child remained with us. I felt very doubtful as to the possibility of her settling down to the simplicity insisted on throughout the school, but she proved to be one of the most unassuming, easily satisfied Germans I ever had, and we never saw again the contents of the banished trunks. Still she sent twenty-one pairs of stockings to the wash every week!

Among their schoolfellows the foreigners made friends or enemies just on their own merits or defects. There was absolutely no feeling against Germans or any other foreigners as such; they all took the place they made for themselves. I only remember two occasions on which a girl was elected monitress her second term—the election rested with her schoolfellows—and on each occasion the girl so elected was a German and well deserved the honour.

The *Schwärmerei* that used to be a prevailing German characteristic has, I think, greatly diminished. Of course 'flames' or 'raves' were sometimes indulged in by German pupils, but English girls are just as prone to them, and no truthful school-mistress could pretend that any measures adopted against them succeed in wholly eradicating the trouble. It may be reduced to harmless dimensions, but girls are going to be women, and the very tenderness that will one day be their crowning charm is apt

to be foolish in its early manifestations and to need sane and wholesome counteraction.

We were always struck by the contrast between the North and South Germans, and much preferred the latter. I do not forget a remarkably attractive set of three sisters from Berlin, the daughters of a great banker, who so heartily hated militarism that he thanked God he had no sons, and succeeded in marrying all his girls to civilians, but with this exception Prussian girls were usually unsympathetic, arrogant, and selfish, and regarded the Prussian officer as the one creature on this earth worthy of adoration.

A notable instance of their heartlessness occurred in the summer term of 1914. The accident to the *Empress of Ireland* stirred the profound pity of my girls, and seeing how much their thoughts were running on it I suggested that all in a certain composition class should write something on the subject, each choosing the form she preferred. The idea pleased them, and I was given some good little letters and essays. But the only German girl in the class brought me nothing whatever, and as she never missed her work and wrote English with considerable ease, I asked her the reason, expressing my surprise.

'Oh,' she answered, in a tone of extraordinary arrogance, 'my father never allows us to waste our feelings on things like that! He does not like us to hear about them at all!'

Her words and tone revealed a home training and an acquired perversity so pernicious that I could not deal with it in public, but sent for her later in the day. I felt I must understand better what was in her mind.

'Tell me,' I said, when we were alone together, 'just what you meant this morning. Was it merely that your father wants you *always* to be happy?'

'Yes, and he does not think pity is a good thing; he says it makes one weak and silly to be sorry for other people.'

'And how about *helping* them?' I asked.

'He says we are not to bother about that, but just to press forward for ourselves, so that we may rise above sentiment and not be dragged down or held back by it.'

I had never heard the worst deductions from Nietzsche stated with such callous indifference to all the natural movements of the human heart, and coming from the lips of a girl of eighteen the words seemed full of the saddest, most ominous cynicism. I could not help blazing out, and the child listened in amazement to what

was probably the hottest repudiation of her home teaching she had ever heard, or was ever likely to hear. She accepted it in silence, and after I had dismissed her, I blamed myself for giving vent to so vehement an outburst, and wished I had spoken more dispassionately. But when she came among the rest that evening to say good-night to me, she hung back a little so as to be the last, and then suddenly, as I looked anxiously into her face, she gripped my hand, kissed me quickly, and uttered a sharp, emphatic 'Thank you!'

That was in June, I think. At the end of July I put her for the summer holidays in the care of an English friend, Mrs. X., who was to take her in August to Devonshire. Before they started war broke out, and Mrs. X. received a telegram requesting that the girl should be taken that same evening to Victoria Station, whence she would return to Germany with an uncle.

One of her last remarks to Mrs. X. was characteristic. 'Of course we know in Germany that England won't fight,' she said. 'You see the English are too selfish to fight for the French, and we are quite sure they will remain neutral.'

Beyond a courteous note from her mother announcing her safe arrival in Germany I have naturally heard no more of her, but I know only too well that any momentary impression made by my words was quickly effaced by the ruthless Prussian doctrines of 'frightfulness' and 'will to power.'

Indeed the year in England was for the most part merely an interlude, though an important interlude, in a German girl's education, and her return to Germany ushered her on to another stage of Kultur. She now passed into a Domestic Economy school, or at any rate took courses of thorough instruction in cooking, household management, nursing, dressmaking, and so forth. This step never seemed to last many months before I had the formal notification of her *Verlobung*, her parents making the announcement on one side, and the man's parents on the other side, of a double sheet nearly as large as the French *Fairepart* of a relative's death.

The marriage, which took place soon afterwards, was not infrequently unhappy, and I gradually came to feel that Prussians, as husbands, fell far below the standard of Western civilisation, and indeed exhibited more especially in that capacity the worst faults engendered and nurtured by German Kultur. But if it had not been for the war, a great revolt of German women might have taken place by now, for, taught to be arrogant for their country, they were learning to be arrogant for themselves.

### A READING FROM HISTORY.

I CAN remember as a child spending many weary hours writing in my copy-book this sentence: 'History instructs mankind.' From the time that I was old enough to read the newspapers I have seen this maxim contradicted, frequently by people who had not, so I inferred, spent much time in studying history. Lately we have been told history, or perhaps one should say counterfeit history, has been used actively to mislead the German mind. But whether or not history is instructive to mankind as a whole it undoubtedly is found interesting by some men individually. A man who is struggling with his own difficulties often likes to read the story of how someone else has faced a similar situation, though he may not believe that the experiences of another will prove a very helpful guide to himself. And in the throes of a national crisis there are some who turn, if not for guidance at least in curiosity, to the record of similar events in the career of other nations distant in time and space. It is in this spirit and not for purposes of instruction that I propose to recall in these days the peril of Rome in the second century B.C.

The story of how Rome was threatened by hordes of barbarians from Germany in the days of the Republic, and of how the danger was faced and overcome, would well bear retelling to-day, but it is a theme for a great historian. We are, however, fortunate in having a short account of this remarkable episode from the pen of a brilliant writer, already and easily accessible, and it is this narrative which I think cannot fail to be interesting at the present time.

As it was published in 1899 it can safely be acquitted of colouring, even unconsciously, ancient happenings to correspond with modern events. And this I consider a most important recommendation. An original statement is liable to be attributed to the father of lies by those to whom it proves unpalatable. But even if it is the devil himself who is quoting Scripture to his purpose, it is to the Scriptures that one must go to confute him, and thus the truth is brought to light.

Froude describes how the danger came to threaten Rome. Even before the Germans had heard of Darwin and the struggle for existence they felt the need for room to expand and longed for a place in the sun.



'A vast migratory wave of population had been set in motion behind the Rhine and the Danube. The German forests were uncultivated. The hunting and pasture grounds were too strait for the numbers crowded into them, and two enormous hordes were rolling westward and southward in search of some new abiding place. The Teutons came from the Baltic down across the Rhine into Luxemburg. The Cimbri crossed the Danube near its sources into Illyria. Both Teutons and Cimbri were Germans, and both were making for Gaul by different routes. The Celts of Gaul had had their day. In past generations they had held the German invaders at bay, and had even followed them into their own territories. But they had split among themselves. They no longer offered a common front to the enemy. They were ceasing to be able to maintain their own independence, and the question of the future was whether Gaul was to be the prey of Germany or to be a province of Rome.

'Events appeared already to have decided. The invasion of the Teutons and the Cimbri was like the pouring in of two great rivers. Each division consisted of hundreds of thousands. They travelled with their wives and children, their waggons, as with the ancient Scythians and with the modern South African Dutch, being at once their conveyance and their home. Grey-haired priestesses tramped along among them, barefooted, in white linen dresses, the knife at their girdle; northern Iphigenias, sacrificing prisoners, as they were taken, to the gods of Valhalla. On they swept, eating up the country, and the people flying before them. In 113 B.C. the skirts of the Cimbri had encountered a small Roman force near Trieste, and destroyed it. Four years later another attempt was made to stop them, but the Roman army was beaten and its camp taken. The Cimbrian host did not, however, turn at that time upon Italy. Their aim was the south of France. They made their way through the Alps into Switzerland, where the Helvetii joined them, and the united mass rolled over the Jura and down the bank of the Rhone. Roused at last into the exertion, the Senate sent into Gaul the largest force which the Romans had ever brought into the field. They met the Cimbri at Orange, and were simply annihilated. Eighty thousand Romans and forty thousand camp followers were said to have fallen. The numbers in such cases are generally exaggerated, but the extravagance of the report is a witness to the greatness of the overthrow. The Romans had received a worse blow than at Cannae.

'Had the Cimbri chosen at this moment to recross the Alps into Italy, they had only to go and take possession, and Alaric would have been antedated by five centuries.'

The above passage calls for no particular comment. A laboured comparison with recent events would be merely irritating. But we may pause in Froude's narrative here to interpolate from another author, as an illuminating illustration, a thumbnail sketch of the state of the threatened city. The Government was aristocratic and corrupt. The 'People' were growing dissatisfied and had lately found statesmen with democratic sympathies to agitate for 'Reforms.'

'Whatever else the Gracchi did,' says Warde Fowler, 'or failed to do, they undoubtedly succeeded, both in their lives and in their deaths, in shaking the power and prestige of the senatorial government; and nothing had been put in its place, nor had it even been reformed. Henceforward for a long period there was no constitution that could claim an honest man's loyalty or devotion; the idea of the State was growing dim, and the result was inefficiency in every department. The governing class was corrupt and the army undisciplined, and this at a time when there was coming upon Rome, and upon the civilised world, a period of extreme peril from foreign enemies.'<sup>1</sup>

Then, while Rome was already under the shadow of the German peril, she became involved, like England in a later age, in an African war which on the one hand created a painful impression by its revelations of 'corruption and inefficiency,' and on the other hand brought home to all men's minds that the State possessed at least one great soldier.

We may now resume Froude's narrative at the point where we broke off.

'In great danger it was the Senate's business to suspend the constitution. The constitution was set aside now, but it was set aside by the people themselves, not by the Senate. One man only could save the country, and that man was Marius. His consulship was over, and custom forbade his re-election. The Senate might have appointed him Dictator, but would not. The people, custom or no custom, chose him consul a second time—a significant acknowledgment that the Empire, which had been won by the sword, must be held by the sword, and that the sword itself must be held by the hand that was best fitted to use it. Marius first triumphed for his African victory, and, as an intimation to the Senate that the power for the moment was his and not theirs, he entered the Curia in his triumphal dress. He then prepared for the barbarians who, to the alarmed imagination of the city, were already knocking at its gates.'

<sup>1</sup> From the volume on *Rome* in the Home University Library.

In a word the Kitchener of that day was installed at the War Office. The danger was so apparent to the man in the street that political jealousies were not allowed to keep out of his proper place the one man in whom the public had confidence.

Marius set to work without haste and without hurry to create an army. Till that time Rome had relied on a citizen, not a professional army, men who took up arms when required, and returned to business as usual when their warlike task was done. Like our own Territorials they were relied on to attain efficiency after, not before, they were wanted. 'They were brave enough,' Froude says, 'but they were commanded by persons whose recommendations for command were birth or fortune; "preposterous men" as Marius termed them, who had waited for their appointment to open the military manuals.' These were the men who had been annihilated at Orange and had made such a bad job of the African war. But the Romans were a practical people. At a much earlier time, when they were creating a navy, they had set thousands of rowers practising upon benches on dry land while the ships were building. Marius, himself a man of humble birth, recruited his army not from the military caste in Rome alone, but from Rome's colonies and dependencies also. 'We may call that host of his,' says Warde Fowler, 'a Mediterranean army under the command of an Italian.' He trained them rigorously, keeping them under the conditions of active service from the first.

To return to Froude :

'Time was the important element in the matter. Had the Cimbri come at once after their victory at Orange, Italy had been theirs. But they did not come. With the unguided movements of some wild force of nature they swerved away through Aquitaine to the Pyrenees. They swept across the mountains into Spain. Thence, turning north, they passed up the Atlantic coast and round to the Seine, scattering the Gauls before them; thence on to the Rhine, where the vast body of the Teutons joined them and fresh detachments of the Helvetii. It was as if some vast tide wave had surged over the country and rolled through it, searching out the easiest passages. At length, in two divisions, the invaders moved definitely towards Italy, the Cimbri following their old tracks by the Eastern Alps towards Aquileia and the Adriatic, the Teutons passing down through Provence, and making for the road along the Mediterranean. Two years had been consumed in these wanderings, and Marius was by this time

ready for them. The Senate had dropped the reins, and no longer governed or misgoverned; the popular party, represented by the army, was supreme. Marius was continued in office, and was a fourth time consul. He had completed his military reforms, and the army was now a professional service, with regular pay. Trained corps of engineers were attached to each legion. The campaigns of the Romans were thenceforward to be conducted with spade and pickaxe as much as with sword and javelin, and the soldiers learnt the use of tools as well as arms.'

For long after the fossa Mariana remained in use: the canal which Marius dug from the Mediterranean to the Rhone to bring up supplies past the mud-choked estuary to his fortified camp near Arles. Even in that day scientific soldiers had for thousands of years ceased to be the novelty they are usually believed to be by the bulk of each generation which sees an inefficient army brought up to date.

But let us again return to Froude:

'The effect of the change was like enchantment. The delay of the Germans made it unnecessary to wait for them in Italy. Leaving Catulus, his colleague in the consulship, to check the Cimbri in Venetia, Marius went himself, taking Sylla with him, into the south of France. As the barbarian host came on, he occupied a fortified camp near Aix. He allowed the enormous procession to roll past him in their waggons towards the Alps. Then, following cautiously, he watched his opportunity to fall on them. The Teutons were brave, but they had no longer mere legionaries to fight with, but a powerful machine, and the entire mass of them, men, women, and children, in numbers which however uncertain were rather those of a nation than an army, were swept out of existence.

'The Teutons were destroyed on the 20th of July 102. In the year following the same fate overtook their comrades. The Cimbri had forced the passes through the mountains. They had beaten the unscientific patrician Catulus, and had driven him back on the Po. But Marius came to his rescue. The Cimbri were cut to pieces near Mantua, in the summer of 101, and Italy was saved.'

Such is the story of a German adventure which threatened the civilisation of Western Europe more than two thousand years ago, as it is told by Froude in his book on 'Caesar,' published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. in 1899.

The most recent German adventure has not yet been brought to an end, and the civilisation of Western Europe is not yet saved, though we are all determined that it shall be. Did the events of

two thousand years ago correspond to those of to-day sufficiently closely for it to be of interest for us to follow them beyond this point? To me at least it seems so. Whether we believe that 'history repeats itself,' or whether we accept the contrary assertion 'history never repeats itself,' depends very largely on how we interpret wide generalisations. But we hope to-day that to-morrow we shall be reconstructing after an escape from a danger which has disorganised our national life to its foundations. To me, at any rate, it is interesting to ponder what has happened before in circumstances which very greatly resemble our own.

All around me I hear people saying that the millennium is at hand. Old political feuds are forgotten because the problems over which they were waged have either been solved or have ceased to exist. Class jealousies will be extinct after the war and remembered only as artificial evils which vanished at the touch of reality. Old drags upon the wheels of progress will have been shaken off and left far behind, and long-needed reforms will be painlessly achieved. Well, God grant it may be so. But for the moment let us turn from the future to the past. Rome had hushed her bitter political discord and had set her house in order in the face of a great national danger. Let us see what happened there after the danger had been overcome and men breathed freely again.

Throughout the very interesting book which started me on this train of reflections, Froude holds a brief for the People and has his knife into the aristocratic party in Rome. His slighting reference to 'the unscientific patrician Catulus' might have been made by a contemporary plebeian friend of Marius. A patrician would probably have said that it was really Catulus who won the final battle, so soon after the deliverance did class jealousy revive. What happened was apparently this: Marius introduced his new armies to the enemy very cautiously. At first he made them dig themselves in, and it was only after they had beaten off the Teutons from an entrenched position and grown hardened to their terrifying aspect, during the six days that they were struggling past his fortified camp, that, satisfied that his soldiers' nerve was to be depended upon in the field, he led them to the attack. Meanwhile, however, Catulus found his soldiers had not the steadiness to await an attack and was compelled to fall back before the Cimbri, abandoning the passes of the Tyrol and taking up a position behind the Po, much as the Italians are falling back before the Germans at the time of writing. Here Marius joined him with his own army while it was still flushed with victory over the Teutons. At this stage the Cimbri, who had

not yet heard of the disaster which had befallen their allies, made some very German proposals for peace on the basis of the war map. But either the Germans of that day were not so skilful at propaganda as they are now, or else the 'defaitists' of bygone times were less credulous or less indulged than they are in our own, for these offers do not seem to have been seriously entertained. Marius is reported to have replied to them with a very grim jest. The moment having now arrived for a 'push' the two generals advanced together and brought the Cimbri to battle. Marius the great organiser did not, on this occasion, shine as a tactician in the field. Perhaps from over-confidence he overshot the mark, and it was Catulus and Sulla who saved the day. If this was so the friends of Catulus had legitimate grounds for their pride in him; while the popular verdict that Marius was the organiser of victory who had saved his country was no less correct.

One other point should be cleared up before we leave the subject of the battles. The wholesale massacre which followed each victory might leave the impression that in those days other peoples surpassed, or at least equalled, the Germans in 'frightfulness.' For economic reasons alone, however, the Romans would not have slaughtered non-combatants whom they could enslave. It was the German women themselves who headed a carnival of self-destruction, when the disaster to their armies had become irretrievable.

The two generals, the man of the People and the aristocrat, shared the triumph by which their victory was celebrated in Rome. But in the hour of deliverance how did the State proceed with its regeneration? In the words of Froude, 'The danger from the Germans was no sooner gone than political anarchy broke loose again.'

So far, in describing the eruption of the hordes from Germany and the way in which Rome worked out her own salvation in face of them, I have been transcribing Froude's account almost in its entirety. Henceforward a few short quotations must suffice to describe the tragic chaos where details are voluminous, intricate, and sordid.

'The public offices were filled with the most violent agitators, who believed that the time had come to . . . carry out the democratic revolution, to establish the ideal republic and the direct rule of the citizen assembly. . . . If the Roman Senate could not govern, still less could the Roman mob govern. . . . Marius stood aside and let the voices rage.'

But the times had changed.

'The victories of Marius mark a new epoch in Roman history. The legions were no longer the levy of the citizens in arms, who were themselves the State for which they fought. The legionaries were citizens still. They had votes, and they used them; but they were professional soldiers with the modes of thought which belong to soldiers, and beside the power of the hustings was now the power of the sword.'

And from this time forward the view gained ground that the sword is mightier than the vote. But Rome had also recruited her armies from her dependencies, and these men had not votes, but had long wanted them.

'The Italians were Romans in every point, except in the possession of the franchise. They spoke the same language; they were subjects of the same dominion. They were as well educated, they were as wealthy, they were as capable, as the inhabitants of the dominant State. They paid taxes, they fought in the armies; they were strong; they were less corrupt, politically and morally, as having fewer temptations and fewer opportunities of evil; and in their simple country life, they approached incomparably nearer to the old Roman type than the patrician fops in the circus of the Forum, or the city mob which was fed in idleness on free grants of corn. If they were to be governed by Roman laws, they naturally demanded to be consulted when the laws were made. They might be content under a despotism, to which Roman and Italian were subject alike. To be governed under the forms of a free constitution by men no better than themselves was naturally intolerable.'

Rome determined to bang, bar, and bolt the door in their faces.

'The movement from without united the Romans for the instant in defence of their privileges. The aristocracy resisted change from instinct; the mob, loudly as they clamoured for their own rights, cared nothing for the rights of others, and the answer to the petition of the Italians, five years after the defeat of the Cimbri, was a fierce refusal to permit the discussion of it.'

The result was civil war.

'The Senate enlisted Greeks, Numidians, anyone whose services they could purchase. They had to encounter soldiers who had been trained and disciplined by Marius, and they were taught by defeat upon defeat, that they had a worse enemy before them than the Germans.'

The Romans gave in to an ignominious compromise and were free to devote themselves to their own quarrels again.



'Political convulsions work in a groove, the direction of which varies little in any age or country. Institutions once sufficient and salutary become unadapted to a change of circumstances. The traditional holders of power see their interests threatened. They are jealous of innovations. They look on agitators for reform as felonious persons desiring to appropriate what does not belong to them. The complaining parties are conscious of suffering, and rush blindly on the superficial causes of their immediate distress. The existing authority is their enemy; and their one remedy is a change in the system of government. They imagine that they see what the change should be, that they comprehend what they are doing, and know where they intend to arrive. They do not perceive that the visible disorders are no more than symptoms which no measures, repressive or revolutionary, can do more than palliate. The wave advances and the wave recedes. Neither party in the struggle can lift itself far enough above the passions of the moment to study the drift of the general current. Each is violent, each is one-sided, and each makes the most and the worst of the sins of its opponents. The one idea of the aggressors is to grasp all that they can reach. The one idea of the conservatives is to part with nothing, pretending that the stability of the State depends on adherence to the principles which have placed them in the position which they hold; and as various interests are threatened, and as various necessities arise, those who are one day enemies are frightened the next into unnatural coalitions, and the next after into more embittered dissensions.

'Revolutions proceed like the acts of a drama, and each act is divided into scenes which follow one another with singular uniformity. Ruling powers make themselves hated by tyranny and incapacity. An opposition is formed against them, composed of all sorts, lovers of order and lovers of disorder, reasonable men and fanatics, business-like men and men of theory. The opposition succeeds; the Government is overthrown; the victors divide into a moderate party and an advanced party. The advanced party go to the front, till they discredit themselves with crime or folly. The wheel has then gone round, and the reaction sets in.'

When watching a riot from the safety of an upper story window one is apt to weary of the general confusion and confine one's attention to the fortunes of one or two individuals whose exceptional prowess attracts one's attention. Two men towered above mediocrities who were now brawling in Rome. Marius the conqueror of the Germans was the man of the people. 'His father was a small farmer, and he was himself bred to the plough.' He rose by his own merits and 'married into one of the most distinguished of the patrician families.' But he remained a plain

man. At a time when Rome was growing enthusiastic over Greek culture Marius found Euripides bored him and said so. The other man, Sulla, was a man of a very different stamp.

‘He was a patrician of the purest blood, had inherited a moderate fortune, and had spent it like other young men of rank, lounging in theatres, and amusing himself with dinner parties. He was a poet, an artist, and a wit, but each and everything with the languor of an amateur.’

But ‘beneath his constitutional indolence, Sylla was by nature a soldier, a statesman, a diplomatist.’ He had more in him than the rough soldier who had beaten the Germans, for ‘Marius was an indifferent politician.’ It is surely proof that they were both men of no common order that they worked together. The young aristocrat was willing to serve under the vulgar plebeian. The rugged general recognised the ability of his foppish lieutenant. When the State was threatened by danger from without, by their combined efforts they saved it. If later they turned their hands against one another, it was because circumstances were too strong for them; and if each gained a terrible name for ruthlessness, there was hardly a man prominent in political life at that time who directly or indirectly was free from blood-guiltiness. Both were remarkable too in that they died in their beds during a period when ‘to be murdered was the usual end of exceptionally distinguished Romans, in a State where the lives of the citizens were theoretically sacred.’

In the horrors of the peace which immediately followed the destruction of the Germans, Marius took little part.

‘He could not be expected to support a system which had brought the country so near to ruin. He had no belief in the visions of the demagogues, but the time was not ripe to make an end of it all. Had he tried, the army would not have gone with him, so he sate still till faction had done its work.’

Sulla was no more inclined to interfere.

‘Like Marius, he had no turn for platform oratory, and little interest in election contests and intrigues. For eight years he kept aloof from politics, and his name and that of his rival were alike, for all that time, almost unheard of.’

The turmoil of the times used both of them hardly. Marius became at last the tool of the popular party, nominally leader, but exploited by unscrupulous demagogues with whose petty

cunning he was not fitted to cope. Sulla became the rallying point of the aristocracy and a party to their misdeeds. Both of them were forced to quit Rome for a period, and it was an evil day for Rome when each of them came back.

'Old Marius, who had been hunted through marsh and forest and had been hiding with difficulty in Africa,' came back first, when the turn of the political wheel brought him again to the top.

'A price had been set on his head, his house had been destroyed, his property had been confiscated, he himself had been chased like a wild beast, and he had not deserved such treatment. He had saved Italy when but for him it would have been wasted by the swords of the Germans. His power had afterwards been absolute, but he had not abused it for party purposes. The Senate had no reason to complain of him. He had touched none of their privileges, incapable and dishonest as he knew them to be. His crime in their eyes had been his eminence. They had now shown themselves as cruel as they were worthless; and if public justice was disposed to make an end of them, he saw no cause for interference.

'Thus the familiar story repeated itself; wrong was punished by wrong, and another item was entered on the bloody account which was being scored up year after year. The noble lords and their friends had killed the people in the Forum. They were killed in turn by the soldiers of Marius.'

Marius died first, at the age of seventy-one, and later Sulla came home. Sulla had been carrying on war on a distant frontier, where the ravages of Mithridates, a king who saw his opportunity in the confusion at Rome, had to be stopped and punished. 'He had clung to his work, while his friends at home were being trampled upon by the populace whom he despised.'

'Events at Rome left him almost immediately without support from Italy. He was impeached, he was summoned back. His troops were forbidden to obey him, and a democratic commander was sent out to supersede him. The army stood by their favourite commander. Sylla disregarded his orders from home. He found men and money as he could. He supported himself out of the countries which he occupied without resources save in his own skill and in the fidelity and excellence of his legions. He defeated Mithridates, he drove him back out of Greece and pursued him into Asia. The interests of his party demanded his presence at Rome; the interests of the State required that he should not leave his work in the East unfinished; and he stood

to it through four hard years till he brought Mithridates to sue for peace upon his knees.

At last Sulla's hands were free. When he turned his face homewards he was regarded as 'a rebel in arms' and met with 'a command to disband his troops. . . . But his terms were such as he might have dictated if the popular party were already under his feet. He intended to re-enter Rome with the glory of his conquests about him, for revenge, and a counter-revolution.'

The Roman people had in fact fallen so low that they could not reorganise themselves from within: an external force was necessary to reform them from without. In Sulla this force was found, for returning with his army of exiles and Asiatic recruits he came not like a Roman politician with a majority, but like a foreign conqueror at the head of a foreign army. He was determined to end the anarchy and establish a settled order, and he did so.

Sulla is one of the most interesting albeit repellent characters in all history. He was a man of manners, of taste, and of brains, a man with many vices and no weaknesses. He seems to have been as devoid of ambition as he was of scruple. After straightening out the affairs of State with an iron hand he cynically divested himself of his powers and responsibilities and retired into private life. True no one in the Roman world breathed freely until he was dead; but during the remainder of his days the Romans lived working the constitution he had framed for them, not under his personal rule.

The constitution itself is one of the curiosities of history. Sulla aimed at concentrating the power in the hands of an aristocratic oligarchy: but so little faith had he in human nature that he interposed safeguards which he intended should prevent any one man again attaining to the position he had occupied himself. It was largely because his constitution must thwart the man of exceptional energy and ability even within the oligarchy that it failed. But where it failed nothing else succeeded. It was the last chance that was given to the republic.

After Sulla's death followed another miserable period of anarchy. During this time a young man called Julius Caesar, whose life Sulla had been induced by his friends to spare, rather against his own judgment, spent a disreputable youth, bringing the manipulation of mobs and the organisation of riots to a fine art. Late in middle life he turned his very exceptional powers to the regeneration of the world. He saw what was needed, and he did it. The people as a whole could not govern itself. Each section of the people had

in turn been tried and found wanting. The masses had proved too ignorant and violent; the knights of industry and finance too corrupt; the old aristocracy, what was left of it, too incapable. It remained to be seen whether one man could rule alone, and so the graceless young demagogue,<sup>1</sup> after sowing his wild oats, quenched the last hopes of democracy and made himself virtually what his heir became in name also, monarch of the Roman world. As an Empire the Roman civilisation gained a new lease of life and lasted until, 500 years later, another German invasion overwhelmed Italy and the Goths succeeded where the Cimbri and Teutons had failed.

But we have rather wandered from the course of events. We left Sulla newly returned to Italy after restoring peace to Asia Minor. It is characteristic of the man that on the way 'Sulla had lingered at Athens, collecting paintings and statues and manuscripts, the rarest treasures on which he could lay his hands, to decorate his Roman palace.'

Like Marius, Sulla had much to avenge when he returned to Rome and little reason to show mercy. But his was a constructive mind, and when a victorious army made him all powerful he was determined first to put an end to disorder.

'Guilt was not the question with him. His object was less to punish the past, than to prevent a recurrence of it; and moderate opposition was as objectionable as fanaticism and frenzy. He had no intention of keeping power in his own hands. Personal supremacy might end with himself; and he intended to create institutions which would endure, in the form of a close senatorial monopoly. But for his purpose it would be necessary to remove out of the way every single person either in Rome or in the provinces who was in a position to offer active resistance, and therefore, for the moment, he required complete freedom of action. The Senate at his direction appointed him Dictator, and in this capacity he became absolute master of the life and property of every man and woman in Italy. He might be impeached afterwards and his policy reversed, but while his office lasted he could do what he pleased.

'He at once outlawed every magistrate, every public servant of any kind, civil or municipal, who had held office under the rule of Cinna. Lists were drawn up for him of the persons of wealth and consequence all over Italy who belonged to the liberal party. He selected agents whom he could trust, or supposed he could trust, to enter the names for each district. He selected, for instance, Oppianicus of Larino, who inscribed individuals whom he had already murdered, and their relations whose prosecution

<sup>1</sup> This is not the view that Froude takes of Julius Caesar.

he feared. It mattered little to Sylla who were included if none escaped who were really dangerous to him; and an order was issued for the slaughter of the entire number, the confiscation of their property, and the division of it between the informers and Sylla's friends and soldiers. Private interest was thus called in to assist political animosity; and to stimulate the zeal for assassination a reward of £500 was offered for the head of any person whose name was in the schedule.

'Four thousand seven hundred persons fell in the proscription of Sylla, all men of education and fortune.'

It was for this that Marius had saved Rome from the Germans. But surely this is enough. Any reader of these pages who is dissatisfied with a piece of mosaic work made up of sentences taken out of their context will read the chapters in the book at length as Froude wrote them. Anyone who is not content with Froude as a guide will seek other authorities on Roman history. Rome had never known such a terrible time before, and surely we have gone far beyond the wildest possibility of its historical repetition to-day. We are never likely to see the members of his Majesty's Government after each swing of the pendulum pay hard cash to anyone who comes to Westminster with the dripping head of a member of the Opposition in his hand to claim a specified reward. Nor, may we hope, are we likely to flout the Dominions after the war till we exasperate them into fighting ourselves. History will not repeat itself thus.

Yet, when to-day I hear so often that everything is going to be quite different after the war, I cannot help recalling that in the old days I often heard

'The devil was sick; the devil a monk would be.  
The devil got well; the devil a monk was he.'

If England is making good resolutions upon a bed of sickness patriotism forbid that I should call her a devil. I only hope that when she is restored to health she will not behave like one. England expects, of course, that every man will do his duty; but England should know by now that almost every man is desperately intent upon having his rights. After the war it may be even more difficult than before, if that be possible, for a man to know with certainty in what his rights consist and where his duty lies. If it is really true that 'History instructs mankind,' to-day more than ever do we need to study its lessons.

H. G. F. SPURRELL.

# CELANDINES

Forty years ago—and below lay a factory city,  
 At hand the shafts of pits, and dirty uphill roads  
 Bounded by grown out hedges a very child could pity,  
 Where endless black coal-carts jerked up with their heavy loads.

Forty years ago—the smoke-veiled sun with power  
 Shone on the rhubarb rows, deep mulched beside the way,  
 Desolate, dirty, and drear, making the morning hour  
 Sad, for a rhubarb field looks sad on the brightest day.

Forty years ago—and I once more a child  
 Whose walk is chosen for it past shops and city halls,  
 Past pits, through market-gardens, where stooping workers piled  
 In heaps, the rhubarb bundles sold on the market stalls.

Forty years ago—and such a walk was pleasure,  
 The scrunch of the cinder paths, stray cats and dogs to pat;  
 Never a flower to find, but the rhubarb seed a treasure,  
 Prismatic scum on the ditches a thing to wonder at.

Forty years ago—one day, entrancing sight!  
 Down by the shabby hedge, under some wooden bars,  
 Flowers, real shining flowers! Wonderful new delight!  
 Gold in the morning sunshine like a patch of fallen stars.

Forty years ago—was it I on that dirty byway?  
 The smell of the mills below, my gloves so tight and cold;  
 It all comes back like a dream, boys' shouts on the neighbouring  
 highway,  
 The distant chimes, the pits, and then those stars of gold!

Forty years ago—how well I see each flower,  
 The polished green of their leaves so strange in the cinder lane;  
 Unbidden the scene returns with ever increasing power,  
 The rhubarb, the coalpit carts, and the celandine plants again.

W. M. E. FOWLER.



# CHERITON'S FARM.

BY MAY KENDALL.

'MEN do be poor things. If they get fire and food and sleep they do think of nothing else. They are afraid for their lives of their masters ; and yet, if they banded together, as Joseph Arch taught them, the masters would give them their price. They talk of machines—but machines have no hands and brains and feet ; and the corn would rot in the fields if there were no men, only machines. But these labourers—if they had been women they would have struck long ago. It is women who think, and plan, and struggle. But *they*—their wage has risen two shillings in ten years. They have fourteen shillings a week when the weather is good. Oh, they think how well off they are—there is no need to fight ! They are down, and they will stay down. They are bound hand and foot.'

Mrs. Kesteven paused, rather breathless, and lifted the great iron pan from the fire to the bar with an emphatic gesture that seemed like the natural conclusion to her sentence.

The young man sitting at the table looked up resentfully. It was a large, low, old-fashioned kitchen, in a roomy cottage that had once been half of a farmhouse ; the other half was now another cottage. The table was well-scrubbed deal, and over the end of it where he sat eating there was a white cloth, coarse, but clean. His plate, although he had been attacking its contents for some minutes, was still half filled with beans and potatoes—the slice of cold meat originally upon it had already disappeared. One generally made it last out the vegetables, but the day had been a hard one, and in sheer exhaustion Ben Kesteven had instinctively attacked the more stimulating food. He could speak now.

'A bonny fix you'd be in, if I struck, Mother,' he said grimly.

'I do not tell one man to strike alone,' said his mother. 'That is foolishness. One man alone is in the hollow of the master's hand. If he goes, ten will fill his place. But not if all band together.'

'Oh, drop it,' said her son, still with half-smothered resentment. 'Don't I know it all ? But——'

He returned to his vegetables, swallowing them with the crude hunger of a half-savage animal, and held out his plate for a second helping, which his mother gave him from the iron pan. That

disposed of, he took a long draught of weak tea from a huge old-fashioned mug. There was no beer: the current household finances did not allow of it; but when supper was finished he lit his pipe. One ounce of tobacco in a week, at threepence halfpenny—that was his only luxury, and his mother half grudgingly insisted on his buying it, since, in her judgment, men were only big children, who had a right at least to the minimum of playthings.

She was a small woman, abnormally thin and wiry, moving quickly like a bird, and accomplishing a huge amount of work during the day. She always looked as if the entire responsibility of the household rested on her, though her husband was living. But he had been injured in the harvest-field, before the days of the Compensation Act. Even so, many employers would have found regular work for a man injured in their service, and whose skill was only limited by the fact that he could do no heavy lifting. But Cheriton, the chief farmer of the village, for whom all the Kestevens worked, was as far removed as possible from the old feudal type; and at present Kesteven senior seldom earned more than two days' wages a week.

The other breadwinner was Arthur, a lad of fifteen, working nearly as hard as his brother, for three and sixpence a week. Then there was Emily, sixteen, who had been in service, but had broken down and come home to rest. And there were Bobby and May, aged eleven and ten, and Harry, just eight, who were still at school. Two other lads, Ted and Alec, who came between Ben and Emily, had emigrated some years ago. Even now, if the cottage had not been exceptionally roomy, with its three bedrooms, one fairly sized, though two very small, there would have been desperate overcrowding; and it could hardly be said, as it was, that overcrowding did not exist, especially at nights, when they all gathered in the kitchen.

Ben Kesteven was a stalwart, rather handsome young fellow of four and twenty. He had lit his pipe in somewhat sullen silence, but as he drew long puffs, his face became more tranquil.

'Where are the others?' he inquired.

'All out blackberrying,' said his mother. 'I'm making jam to-morrow; we'll have a roly-poly on Sunday. And Father's in the Rising Sun—it's a fortnight come Saturday since he had a pint, and he thought he'd earned it; he's done two days and overtime this week. Aren't you going round to see Lucy? It's only half-past six.'

She had begun to speak in her ordinary tone, but the last words

had a nervous ring in them, for a change had come over Ben's face that frightened her. He rose quite suddenly, his half-smoked pipe in his hand.

'I'll take a turn outside,' he said. 'I ain't going to Lucy's, Mother; we've parted. But'—as she began to speak—'I don't want to hear nowt about it; there's things the less said about the better.'

His mother put down the dish she was holding, and looked at him, slowly realising something she had always dimly foreboded. She had known all was not well the moment he came in, and tried to comfort herself by the fact that he was eating his supper. But perhaps her dumb sympathy touched him, for when he had reached the door, he turned in a sudden reaction of confidence. After all, he and his mother had been comrades many a year.

'What has a chap like me to do with a girl like yon?' he broke out. 'What have chaps like me got to do, anyhow, with marrying? The girl's grand friends told her pretty often that she'd brought her pigs to a poor market; and they nobbut spoke God's truth. But haven't I a right to live same as another man? I'm flesh and blood like Cheriton, for all he treats me as dirt. It fair maddens me to see him walking round as if he'd got the world by a string; and he'd move heaven and earth to get more out of us without paying. He'd rob Jesus Christ. I'll work for him because I must; but I'll never forgive him. It's him and his breed that do the poor out of their little bit of happiness that's all they can call their own. I've never been one to let all run off my tongue, but I've wanted this many a year to see him roast in hell. . . . And now, if it wasn't for Dad and you—'

'You go away, Ben,' said his mother, sharply and promptly. 'We'll pull through somehow, Dad and the children and me. I'll happen get field-work. You go where you can get better money, and make a home for Lucy.'

'That I'll not,' said Ben, as decidedly. 'I'm main glad I've had it out with Lucy. I know now where I be.' His lip just quivered, but steadied itself again. 'She may go her way, and I'll go mine. And as for leaving home—I'd be likely, wouldn't I, to play a damned fool trick like that? and a lot of luck I'd get that way. Do you suppose I've not watched you scrambling your heart out all these years for the rest of us? Nay, but I only wish I'd the sending of yon Cheriton to hell. It would do me more good than a month's wages and nowt to do!'

'You're not likely,' said his mother—all the more acidly because her eyes were full of tears, and she was looking towards the darkest corner of the room, and trying to keep them wide open lest Ben should see a drop fall—to get either one or the other.'

'That's so,' said Ben, relapsing suddenly into his normal phlegmatic manner. 'But my mind is my own. You can't—' quickened and spurred by suffering, he suddenly rose to a brilliant metaphor—'you can't give a man's thoughts the sack, or raise the rent on 'em; and if I like to darn Cheriton in my mind, God himself shan't stop me. And *you* needn't blame me, Mother—I've got my temper from you. Dad 'ud let himself be swept up and flattened out and rolled over, and never turn a hair. But you ain't like that, nor I ain't; and mark my words, Art'll be just like you and me. He keeps a still tongue in his head, but he's all on the boil inside him. . . . Got a match, Mother?'

She handed him a half-filled box, and he lit his pipe again, and went out.

Ben's attitude towards his employer represented the cumulative effect of a great many lesser grudges. He had got into a way of counting them over in his mind. There was the henhouse; which requires some explanation. Ten years ago, when the family was in a smaller cottage, also belonging to Cheriton, and there were ten inmates for the four rooms, their employer had allowed three of the boys to sleep in an unoccupied henhouse. He meant it as a kindness, yet it had rankled in Ben's mind. He resented still the feeling of the damp earth striking up through boards and sacking, although, to do him justice, he resented it chiefly for Alec, who had been rather a delicate lad.

Then there was the fact already alluded to, that, while his father had been injured in carrying out one of Cheriton's own orders, though the farmer did on that occasion pay him his wages for a month, he had never once gone out of his way to provide any regular work for him, or to ask him how he was 'putting on.' And yet, Kesteven had worked for him, and his father before him, for nineteen years. To be sure, not long after the accident he had offered to speak for the family at the Board of Guardians; and it had declined his offer.

Again, there was the time when he rode by in the evening, and saw Ben, in the falling dusk, digging in the cottage garden, and he had called out: 'I'll warrant you don't put your back into it that way when you are working for me.'

It was false, and he knew it, for the Kestevens, whatever their failings of temper, were all excellent workers; but Cheriton was feeling stung at having failed to carry a trivial resolution at the Parish Council, and he wanted to sting someone else.

Then the grievance about the pig. The family had kept pigs always under Cheriton's father; but Cheriton himself refused either to sell them a pig, or to spend a few shillings on making the sty habitable. He did more: he said bluntly—he rather prided himself on a blunt sincerity, which he imagined won him at least the respect of men—'I don't hold with it. These pigs are too great a temptation to a chap that's in and out all day among corn and vegetables. And human nature's human nature.'

Human nature *was* human nature, and that day another very black mark was scored against Mr. Cheriton. Old Farmer Christie in Enderby let his men keep pigs, and never grudged them a turnip nor a handful of corn for fattening time. He *knew* the wages weren't enough for men to live on, when they had nothing in kind. He wasn't half a bad sort, old Christie, even if he sometimes let go and 'swore hisself black and blue'; when he could make it a bit easier for a fellow he did it, and everybody knew it was a hard pull for him to keep going. The Christies didn't keep a servant: his wife and daughter did the work of the farmhouse themselves, butter and cheese and all. There was no stand-offishness about them, and they'd everybody's good word. And even if the standing wage was only fourteen shillings, the same as Cheriton's, they did try to make it regular all the year round.

But Cheriton was well to do. As the saying went, 'He had money, and he wed money.' The general belief was that he could easily have paid his men fifteen shillings a week all round, with cottages for the head men. He could hunt with his handsome, stylish wife; he could buy 'moters.' She could get what were popularly supposed to be Paris gowns, and maids from London. That was yet another grievance. There were girls in the village, capable and hard-working, well trained in the simple duties of the cottage—young girls who for the next few years should have lived near home under the supervision of their parents. Instead of that, at fourteen or fifteen they had to face the world in other villages or in great towns. Neither at the vicarage nor the farm—Cheriton's was the farm *par excellence*—was room ever made for a village girl. Ben's own sister—the one who had come home broken down—had

herself applied for a post as housemaid with the Cheritons, and had been refused.

'They do be mortally afraid that a girl out of the village will want more evenings off,' was the popular explanation.

'Ay, and she might get telling about t' Cheritons at home,' was generally appended.

So Emily, ignored by farm and vicarage, had gone farther afield, and as maid-of-all-work in a London flat, overworked and underfed, had developed serious anaemia. Then Lucy—if Lucy had had a chance, she would have gone to the Cheritons rather than leave the village. Certainly, when she went away, the lines fell to her in comparatively pleasant places. She had light work, long holidays, good wages, which she spent as fast as she earned them, chiefly on festivities or finery. Year by year, Ben had seen the growing difficulty of making a home for her. She used to come back, radiant in some bargain picked up at a West End clearance sale, and talk of theatres, hippodromes, the White City—all the gaieties of London life, almost as if she viewed them from the standpoint of a woman of means. And yet, with the better part of her, she clung to her old playmate, and the boy-and-girl engagement. And Ben still hoped. In three more years, all well, Artie would almost be a man, and earning probably ten shillings a week. Emily, in spite of the hard fare, was growing stronger, and would soon be in service again, or perhaps married. By all accounts, there was a young fellow in a big confectionery business only waiting for a rise to speak to her. Then Dad's work—Ben wished to goodness the Commissioners would take it into their heads to call Cheriton over the coals with respect to his extremely defective farming. There would be regular work for Dad; there would be regular work for many other men, if the land were farmed as it ought to be farmed.

He had been dwelling on the last point to Lucy the night before, and suddenly, quite unexpectedly, the parting of the ways had come.

'Look here, Ben,' she said. 'You're only cheating yourself. What do the Commissioners care if the land goes to pieces? Cheriton gives them their rent regular: that's all *they* want. You might as well expect the angels to come and darn your socks for you! Don't tell me about Commissioners. I tell you, lad, if you can't make up your mind to quit, we'd better part and have done with it. But if you'll quit, and come to Hammersmith, there's a place the mistress told me of, and she asked me if you'd like to try for it.'

It's thirty shillings a week clear. We could get a house for seven and six, good enough to begin with, and furnish on the hire system.'

Ben moistened his dry lips.

'How much would I send home every week?' he said.

Lucy's eyes flashed ominously.

'They won't expect us to do much, not till we get turned round,' she said. 'Later on, when you'd a rise, I'd be the last to grudge a postal order now and then.'

'That would be too late,' said Ben, simply. 'In three years, Lucy, Artie'll be earning a man's wage, and three years—oh, it's nothing out of a life-time.'

'An' it's nothing for a girl to be losing her youth and good looks,' said Lucy. 'I tell you plainly, Ben, I've had enough of it. They're living on you, that's all it is, and you've never a thought for me, who might have my pick any day. No, it's time you chose between us, and there aren't many girls would have waited as long as I have. The very Bible says a man's to leave his father and mother, and '—she rushed on quite unconsciously, and Ben was equally unconscious of the incongruity of the words—'he that loves father or mother more'n me isn't worthy of me.'

Ben's senses were whirling; somehow this present contingency had never once presented itself. It had seemed so inevitable that, for good or evil, Lucy and he would always be together.

'Do you mean you're chucking me?' he asked hoarsely, half expecting, the next second, to feel her soft arms round his neck.

'No,' said Lucy, proudly and bitterly. 'It's you're chucking me. They're all before me, with you.'

It was only two days ago, but what Ben answered had gone from him; he only knew that somehow he had found himself standing alone outside Lucy's cottage. He had walked away, then stopped; it seemed impossible that things should end so—that she should not come hurrying after him, as she had done once before, when they had quarrelled over 'some other fellow.' But she did not come, and he did not knock at the door, for when he thought of 'giving in,' his mother's worn face rose up before him, and for a moment he hated Lucy as vehemently as he had loved her.

That, however, could not last. To hate Lucy broke his life in two, and there was no use in hating God—what did God care? He couldn't pay Him out. And then the storm of bitter feeling that had flooded his whole soul flowed into an accustomed channel, only ploughing it wider and deeper—the channel of resentment



against Cheriton. Men must have symbols; and Cheriton had become more to Ben than his individual employer. He was incarnate unjust privilege. There came a clear resolve to him that one day he would make Cheriton suffer. He stood still on the road—there was no one in sight or hearing, and said slowly:

'God help me to smash Cheriton. . . . Please, God, help me to smash Cheriton. For Christ's sake. Amen!'

Then he went home, and the next day Lucy left for London.

Possibly he was unjust to Cheriton, who was not consciously hard or brutal. The farmer held, quite honestly, that his men liked him quite as much as if he had coddled them, patched and mended their cottages without demanding more rent, and sent milk or puddings, or beef tea, whenever babies arrived. Photographs of their mental attitude towards him, taken by some soul flashlight, and reflected on his own consciousness, would have amazed him unspeakably. But he was not a man of many intuitions, and the gossip of the public-house—some of it illuminating enough—was quite remote from him. His wages were the normal wages of the neighbourhood, and though he employed much day labour, and the amount of 'standing off' was above the average, he would have told an inquirer, quite honestly, that overtime much more than counterbalanced it. He had never taken the trouble to figure out for the year the wage of one of his workmen. Why should he?—If they didn't like it, they could leave.

The fact was, he belonged to a class, apparently increasing in numbers, which is lacking in the true farmer's spirit. He regarded land, like labour, merely as a source of wealth. In so far as he loved anyone but himself, he loved his wife, a pretty, shallow woman, with a faint clinging charm about her. It delighted him that she possessed two 'moters.' But the land he did not love, and he certainly did not dream that in the village his neglect of it was characterised not only as 'taking the bread out of folk's mouths,' but as 'starving the great mother of us all.'

That was Cheriton—to outward appearance a dark, clean-shaven, square-faced man of thirty-eight, who looked like a cross between a country gentleman and a rent collector or an insurance agent. And Ben, looking out on the life that stretched before him, saw always Cheriton, like a blank, high wall on both sides of it, blocking it into one dull narrow groove.

There had been a glow on the future, because of Lucy. He had been confident that she would wait for him, and meanwhile she

had frequent holidays, and her kisses were sweet on his lips. He drew strength from them for the lagging years. But now that solace was taken from him. Yet if Cheriton had only dealt fairly by his father, if he had even paid Artie what the lad was honestly earning, Ben could have left home without a pang of conscience, knowing that they would be able to face the winter without him. Cheriton had robbed him of youth, happiness, love itself.

He had a natural bent towards silence, that was becoming dangerous now. There were two pictures in his mind day by day. One was of Lucy, with her soft, delicate beauty, her slender rounded figure. There were times when the sheer hunger to take her in his arms again, and almost crush the life out of her with his strong caresses, was like actual, physical famine. And then there came another picture—the impassive face of Cheriton, with its critical grey eyes. He would like to strike one great crushing blow at that face, so that the calculating eyes would never look again on the world which they had exploited.

Meanwhile, sober common sense, and the love of his mother, were strong in him, and he went on working as conscientiously as if he had liked and esteemed his employer. He never went near the church, dismissing it with the verdict—'Parsons and farmers allus hang together like thieves.' But he liked to think of a day of judgment. He thought he could tell the Almighty a fact or two about Cheriton.

It was some weeks later—a Sunday night, warm and windy and dark, without moon or stars. The Kestevens were at rest for the night, all but Ben; and he had gone for a stroll. He, who had always slept the perfect, sound sleep of childhood, had become curiously wakeful, and when he slept he dreamed. Twice he had startled the boys with crying out in his dreams. He would wake suddenly with a heavy sense of disaster, and then remember. So much of his emotional and mental life had been built into an imaginary future, that to lose it was like losing eyesight, or hearing, on the physical plane. His very soul was maimed.

The church bell had chimed ten, and he turned home reluctantly. Everywhere the lights were out; the village lay wrapped in gloom, and he could hardly see the great, dark outlines of Cheriton's farm on his left. He passed the gate, was passing the great haystack looming up in the adjacent field, somewhat paler than the buildings it stood near; then he stopped, staring across the field. There was nothing to be seen, except a darkness rather denser just above the stack, and yet, with the sure instinct of the country-bred

lad, he knew what had happened. There was no mistaking that acrid, pungent scent. The stack was on fire, and Ben's heart throbbed with sudden fierce exultation. It was Cheriton's own fault. The men knew perfectly well that he had hurried the hay to save labour, and stacked it too damp. He had done the same thing before, but hitherto he had always had 'the devil's own luck.' But now, perhaps the luck had changed, for though he generally insured his hay promptly, some trivial incident had interfered with his usual custom, and—Ben had heard it from one of the cowmen—he would not be insured till to-morrow.

Everyone was asleep, and it was pretty certain that the fire would not be discovered till it was too late to arrest it. That, Ben murmured to himself, was a bit of all right. The hatred seemed to leap up in his soul, with the thought of the leaping flames. The wind was blowing towards the farmhouse: but it held nothing that Ben valued, or that valued him. Moreover, though his mother sometimes worked for Mrs. Cheriton, the latter never troubled to nod to her in the village street.

He hushed his footsteps somewhat, for no one must ever suspect that he had passed that way, and, quite deliberately, he walked on. But he had a curious sense of being entangled in great issues, and even helping to create them. He felt himself God's accomplice in punishing Cheriton.

So it was until he put his hand on the latch of his own cottage door, and then another thought flashed upon him—a thought that only a mind possessed by such fierce hatred could have kept so long at bay. If the fire spread, the outbuildings would catch first, and if any living thing suffered, it was most improbable that it would be Cheriton. It would be Ben's own friends, the dumb animals—the cows and horses who had never harmed anyone. Ben gave a stifled exclamation as he realised their peril, and it was as if he awoke suddenly into a fresh consciousness in which resentment had no place. He turned round, and rushed back. Possibly he might be in time even now to put out the fire, for it was only ten minutes since he had discovered it. But much may happen in ten minutes, and when he turned the last corner, he saw that the stack was beginning to blaze. But he hurried on, shouting as he ran. He dared not stop, save to secure a ladder and a piece of tarpaulin, but his voice roused the dogs, and they very soon roused Cheriton. Within a few moments the farmer was out of doors, with the farm hands who were living in. But Ben had already raised the ladder against the stack, and climbed up, and was trying to crush out the

flames within the tarpaulin. It was not large enough, however, and the fire was still breaking out in fresh places. But help was at hand, and presently one man was passing pails of water up to Ben, while another worked at the pump, and Cheriton himself rushed to and fro with the pails. The fire was all but out when, with a sickening thud, a loosened section of the hay came crashing down on the farther side, carrying with it a helpless form, blackened, stifled, and blind with smoke.

For a few days it was quite clear to the local doctor, and to the consulting surgeon whom Cheriton called in, and to Cheriton himself, that Ben was dying. Ben, too, was quite clear on the point, especially when he discovered, after a troubled sleep, that his strong left arm was gone for ever. But before he died, he wanted, 'as deeing man to living man,' to tell Cheriton what he thought of him.

No one ever knew what passed between the two in that strange interview, but Mrs. Kesteven vowed that Cheriton came out from it looking at least ten years older. He passed her in silence, 'like a broken man,' and she hurried back to Ben, hardly expecting to find him alive. But Ben, in spite of splints and bandages, had somehow contrived to turn on his side, and, with a simply angelic expression, was sleeping like a child.

It was his first natural sleep, and he practically slept the clock round, hardly rousing to swallow the food that was given him at intervals. When he woke to clear consciousness it was daylight; the warm sunshine was about him, and also a scent of mignonette that he had always associated with Lucy. He looked at his mother with questioning eyes; and she smiled, and went out of the room. The next moment another step entered it, and Lucy's lips met his, with a heartful of healing in them.

'But, Lucy,' he murmured, 'I've nobbut one arm.'

'I've two,' said Lucy, as they stole round him.

Cheriton is in the trenches to-day; and the men say that there was never a kindlier, more popular officer. Ben, Lucy, Artie, and the senior Kestevens, with a few boys from the village, are running the farm among them with remarkable success. Mrs. Cheriton, who has sold her 'moters,' is as pathetically anxious to help as she is incapable of helping. So they find her, here and there, little bits of what Lucy calls 'toy work.' But, as old Mrs. Kesteven remarks, 'Never you mind. The Scripture do say, "She hath done what she could." But it do not say what she *could* do.'

## HOW TO BE A PATIENT.

BY ROBERT AUGUSTIN.

WAR has been responsible for bringing into our hospitals and nursing-homes an entirely new class of patient. In the days of peace the doctors' main source of income was from women and children, and professional patients; others sometimes indulged in illnesses, but at rare intervals. In war time, however, the hospitals are filled with men who normally never contemplate being admitted into such institutions, and are not versed in the many rules and regulations which govern the life of the patient. Any able-bodied man may at any time become a patient either from wounds or sickness, and it is therefore important that experienced patients should expound the lore of the medical world as it strikes a layman. After all, the undergoing of two major operations, the endurance of the ministrations of a dozen doctors and three dozen nurses, and submission to the rulings of eighteen medical boards, does constitute experience.

The word 'patient' is defined coldly by the dictionary as a person under medical treatment, but with more feeling the dictionary adds that patient is derived from a Latin word meaning 'to suffer.' It is one of the greatest of the patient's rights, this right to suffer, and it is backed, as we have seen, by high authority; let no patient forget it. A patient must be tenacious of his rights; not that he is exactly in a hostile atmosphere, but rather that there is a strained feeling that he should not be a patient. (Naturally, I do not refer to paying patients, who are a different species.)

The hospital is a place which is hedged in absolutely by rules. Patients who have criminal experience will inevitably recall prison—and so much is this the predominant note in hospitals that even quite innocent patients feel vaguely guilty. The ruling caste in an hospital is female, and is termed 'nurse.' There are, generally speaking, three grades of trained nurse—namely, Matron, a very high official, of whom seldom more than one is seen in a lifetime; Sister, more common than Matron, but still rare; Nurse, who is in every ward. Doctors are occasional visitors, and are super beings, even more important than the Matron. There are various inferior categories, such as ward maids, and in military hospitals,

orderlies of the male sex ; somewhere remote and unseen there is presumably a cook and staff.

The approach to hospital can be made in different ways, but the most popular is to be forwarded duly labelled from the field of battle. It is a whirling, hurried life that is lived on the way to hospital. From active soldier you become technically a casualty, and thereafter your free-will is gone. You are passed from hand to hand, from station to station, and everyone asks you your name, which is carefully noted ; your chances of amusement are small, but some fun may be had by giving a different name and regiment to each questioner : no casualty can be expected to control his memory. Like a batch of remounts you are watered and fed at stated intervals ; with luck you cross the sea to England, and finally find yourself in hospital ; then, and only then, are you a patient.

After arrival in hospital your novel experiences begin, and unless you are forewarned your dignity will be apt to feel insulted. In the ward (if you are an officer you may possibly have one to yourself) you are assaulted by from two to five nurses, who undress you, wash you, and have you tucked away in bed before you know where you are ; it is useless to protest that you can undress and give yourself a bath—that sort of thing simply does not do in hospital. Of the nurses who revolve around, you presently discover that one appears to be specially charged with your care ; she is armed with a chart and a glass implement which she places under your tongue to take your temperature ; the temperature is recorded on the chart, but she will not tell it you though you plead most assiduously. Sometimes as a treat you are told your temperature, but then it is always too dully normal for you to want to know it. The number of beats of the pulse to the minute are also measured, but you need not ask the nurse to tell you the result ; with a little practice you can take it yourself, but it is a mistake to hold your thumb over the pulse, for the thumb has a pulse of its own, which makes it harder to count the beats.

Soon after you have been admitted into hospital, you will be examined by a doctor to decide what is the matter with you, and what treatment you shall be given : this is the diagnosis. You may have been diagnosed by all the previous doctors through whose hands you have passed, but that does not count ; in hospital you start fresh. Although you are a patient, to the doctor you are also something else—a case. You should listen carefully to

the doctor when he is examining you, and if two doctors are present, you must listen even more carefully. To occupy the doctor and to improve his professional knowledge, it is better not to be obviously wounded, but to have (say) some internal complaint which taxes his detective powers.

'And what is the matter with this patient?' the doctor asks the sister as they both come in.

'Gastric trouble, doctor,' says the sister, a safe, non-committal answer.

There are several of these non-committal phrases which are very useful in the medical world. Two of the commonest, which sound well and mean nothing more than that there is something the matter with you, are: gastric influenza and liver chill.

'Does that hurt?' asks the doctor, pressing two fingers fiercely in the region of the breastbone.

'No,' you lie nobly. You are a stoic, you are never hurt.

'Any tenderness at all?'

'Yes,' you admit. After all, a tenderness is a sympathetic sort of thing to have.

'An interesting case,' remarks the doctor. These words are absolutely fatal. No patient should ever be an interesting case, for it means that he will become the subject of scientific investigation.

'Half an ounce of peptonised milk twice a day, sister,' the doctor orders before he goes. It is not a diet for heroes.

This is the moment for you to acquire the philosophy necessary to fortify you while in bed; you must be thankful that you are allowed so much of such good food. There are patients in similar circumstances who have been sentenced to teaspoonfuls of water at long intervals, and warned against taking them if they should feel really thirsty. It is as well to remember that there is always someone more ill than yourself. It is a humiliating thought, and should not be expressed in the hearing of your nurse or doctor, but it brings secret comfort to the heart.

The routine of hospital life swallows you up. You may think: Anyway, I am in bed, and I can be as lazy as I like—but you will be wrong. Your day begins probably at about five in the morning, when you are washed, and things go on happening to you throughout the day. The doctor's visit is the climax of the day, and feverish energy is expended in preparing for it. The ward maid with pail comes to scrub and brush; she even reaches the far-off



corner under your bed. Orderlies sometimes do this brushing out, and it is curious how the leg of your bed is a magnet to their brooms; every half minute the broom slithers with a bang up against the leg of your bed, and you have the sensation of a small earthquake. Your nurse does some decorative dusting, and places a clean towel for the doctor.

At night the staff of nurses is smaller. The night nurse is more of a ministering angel than the day nurse, for the night nurse's duties are gentler. She pats the pillow and advises you to go to sleep; she inquires so tenderly with your morning tea about your night's rest that in honour bound you cannot tell the truth.

'I slept well,' you murmur.

'No bad dreams, I hope?'

Dreams! In hospital if you sleep at all you will surely dream. The first night it is memories rather than dreams that are active, but afterwards the more fearful wild fowl of the night will stalk through your brain. Memories come of that field hospital in the early days at Ypres, where you arrived at night with just enough reserve of strength to be a walking case; as you did not need immediate medical attention, you were left to yourself. The orderly led the way down that horrible long gallery with its stone floor softened by a layer of straw. On the straw lie the wounded so thickly strewn that you have to pick your way with care not to tread on them; some of them may be groaning, but not many, for they have been fighting all through that most critical day, the 31st October 1914, against the picked masses of the enemy, and they are tired and have earned their rest: the smell of blood will not leave your nostrils. You are shut into a little bare cell—for it is a convent—and you are given a bowl with two sardines in it, some bread, and a cup of tea; this meal is luxury. Throughout the night the shell-bursts punctuate the beating of your heart, and the sounds seem to be coming nearer and nearer.

As you have the bad luck to be an interesting case, you will notice that the doctors visit you in pairs, and perhaps in threes. It may occur to you that they are gathering round you like flies round a dead rat, but you must not let this simile depress you. These doctors are probably a specialist and, if you are really unlucky, a surgeon. It is not a private medical board for your benefit, but a consultation, after which you are bound to get well. Should your symptoms be so incorrigible as not to respond to the treat-

ment advised by a specialist, you are not worthy of the name of patient.

When three doctors are gathered together by a patient's bed, they generate an atmosphere of profound wisdom. Indeed, they are very wise, and it is only a frivolous-minded patient that would try to judge them by their faces; though the specialist resembles an undertaker's mute, though the physician reminds you of your favourite music-hall comedian, though the surgeon looks like a golf professional, yet they are great healers and blessed by the British Medical Council. Consider the number of letters that the specialist may put after his name, read the learned books of the physician, observe the surgeon's hands—these are the proofs of their efficiency.

After the consultation the surgeon and the physician return to you.

'Does that hurt?' asks the surgeon, putting his weight well on to the two fingers which he presses on your middle. The pressure of a surgeon is always of greater horse-power than that of a physician.

'Yes,' you gasp out; he would have hurt a rhinoceros.

'As I thought,' says the surgeon to the physician.

'I'm afraid so,' replies the physician.

If you are experienced at all, you will know that this is leading up to the question of an operation. Sometimes they will let you know quite casually by allowing you to overhear the surgeon's remark to the physician: 'I think he will be fit enough to have the operation next week.'

It is far better for you to say nothing, but all patients are not as well taught as you.

There was a patient who sat in a doctor's consulting-room waiting for the verdict.

'There's nothing for it,' said the doctor; 'we must open you up and have a look.'

'Grrh,' retorted the patient.

'And I think the sooner the better,' continued the doctor.

'Grrh,' said the patient again. But he thought: 'I will startle this unholy doctor, and I shall say boldly to him, "I am a Christian scientist. I refuse to have an operation."'

'Can you go into a nursing-home at once?' asked the doctor.

'Can't I wait a few days?' was the questioning reply. 'Perhaps an operation won't be necessary after all.'

'I am convinced that an operation is imperative,' declared the doctor firmly.

'Grrh,' observed the patient.

Doctors have a grim sense of humour all their own, and feeling sure of his patient that doctor related the parable he always told those patients who had to endure that particular operation.

'I must tell you,' said the doctor, 'that I always warn my patients first that this operation is not invariably successful; I cannot guarantee a cure. The other day I had a case just such another as yours, and we had to operate upon him. When we looked inside we were not able to find the cause of the trouble, but mind you I was convinced that the cause was there all the time, just as I had diagnosed. I told my assistant to make a careful examination at the post-mortem, and sure enough, he found it all right, exactly as I had always suspected.'

'Grrh, grrh,' murmured the patient.

They operated on that patient and cured him—which must be a comforting thought for you in hospital, waiting for an operation.

A belief in your doctor is a predisposing cause of cure, and is very popular in hospital; therefore you should cultivate such a belief. You must humour your doctor and do all in your power to make him happy; he is doing his best to cure you, and you should try to believe that he is a necessary part of the cure. Do not let your mind recall the many occasions on which you cured yourself of grievous ills. Above all, do not let your mind dwell on that famous occasion when you acted contrarily to all medical precepts, the occasion which your friends have so often heard about; you started out on manœuvres with such bad lumbago that you could hardly sit on your horse; you spent the night in a damp bivouac without cover on the very edge of the River Thames, and looking like the beaten white of egg, a thick mist covered the land; in spite of your agony you slept soundly on that moist ground and woke up completely cured.

As the day of the operation comes nearer, you become more and more a centre of attraction. Even the august matron may peep in on you and remark brightly: 'So you are going to have an operation.'

On the night before, the night nurse makes her usual comment, 'This time to-morrow it will be all over'—a statement which is ambiguous enough.

On the actual morning there is plenty of bustle and excitement.

Things happen to you and around you until half an hour before, when it is the general practice to give you an injection of morphia and leave you. Morphia has a bad name in cheap fiction and in the police courts, but it is the greatest friend that you will find among medicines. If in pain, it soothes you; if not in pain, but anxious, as before your operation, it makes you just genially drunk.

Feeling, therefore, unexpectedly happy, you are taken to the operating theatre, a workmanlike room in which the figure in white, with a bandage mask on its face, you recognise as your surgeon. Your behaviour should now follow prescribed lines.

'Hold nurse's hand,' says the surgeon. You suddenly discover that the surgeon is a sympathetic man and jovial.

You arrange with the nurse that you will go on beating with your fingers until you are unconscious. A word of warning regarding anaesthetics must be given, because they are treacherous; the fact is that you cannot account for your actions when under their influence—everyone acts differently; you may blurt out episodes of your most intimate past, or you may be dumb—the wisest precaution is to have no past at all.

An unknown doctor slips a hood over your face and soothes you with the words: 'Go to sleep; go to sleep.'

At this stage of the proceedings you have a choice of action. You may be philosophic and mutter as the haze deepens: 'I wish I could analyse my feelings.' On the other hand, the polite farewell is appreciated in an operating theatre. You speak your words in soft tones, dying away to a whisper.

'Good-bye, nurse.'

'Good-bye, doctor.'

'Good-bye, all.'

'Say good-bye to matron,' whispers the tactful anaesthetist in your ear; 'she's in the theatre.'

'Good-bye, matron.'

Having created a good impression by remembering everybody, you pass away to oblivion.

No definite rules can be laid down for coming to. It might be dramatic, but rather forced, to make your first question: 'Is this heaven?' It is possible that this query, if spoken with conviction and expecting only the answer—'yes,' might restore a waning reputation for righteousness.

Usually the first thoughts are of the operation, and if they are not, a slight movement of the body will forcibly remind you

that you have had one. Your thoughts grow subtle; you think you will ask whether the operation was a success, but all the same you say to yourself: I am not such a fool as to believe that they will give me any answer but 'yes.' Nevertheless you ask your question.

'Did the operation go off all right?'

'Quite all right,' replies the nurse. 'You must not talk.'

You feel reassured, but at the same time you are not certain whether you really believe her.

For a day after the operation you will probably be starved, but you will not mind. But when gradually increasing quantities of milk are given to you, hunger seizes you. Your thoughts cannot get away from the subject of food; you imagine gay repasts where all the forbidden fruits are eaten—you even devise strange new dishes for yourself. The Hereditary High Cook should order all cooks to be operated upon for the benefit of culinary science, for their imaginations would be stimulated, and they would invent new delights for gourmets. This inventive period after an operation lasts only until you get solid food; the first egg comes as a joy to you more precious than caviare.

As you get better you have visitors to see you, your own private visitors, public characters, and the regular hospital visitor, a class which the war has greatly increased. It is essential for you to have a carefully thought-out stock of conversation and mode of behaviour for each type of visitor. The patient owes it to himself and to his hospital that he should adapt himself to each visitor, so that the visitor may not lose his taste for visiting the poor sick.

Before considering the three classes of visitor, it will save space to turn to one question which everyone, except very close relations, will ask you in some form or another. You must have an answer ready, whether truthful or not depending upon your scruples and your regard for the visitor's patriotic feelings. Some say a type-written answer should be given, all ready for the visitor, and certainly it would save you much trouble. However, it is easy to learn a stereotyped reply which you can recite to the visitor. The question usually takes the form—'Aren't you dying to be back again in the front trenches?'

Private visitors, of course, include aunts, a body of women peculiarly exposed to facetious comment and given to hospital visiting. Treat your aunts kindly in hospital and out of it. The

general conduct which you should adopt towards private visitors can be best illustrated by the way you should receive your Fair Visitor.

The Fair Visitor arrives with a delicate bunch of flowers to savour your room. As you are only allowed one visitor at a time, she has left her male escort down below; besides she has tact. ('Oh, my dear,' she told her dearest friend, 'of course I couldn't go to the hospital by myself; but it was rather awkward that I only had George to bring with me. Luckily the hospital people absolutely forbade him to go up with me.')

'I'll get nurse to put those flowers in a special vase,' you declare to her. 'And they will be put on the table beside me.'

'You poor old thing,' she breathes sweetly. 'You have had a rotten time of it. Do tell me all about it.'

Do not be caught out by that trap and tell her all about it; a bowdlerised version will do. You must not be so ill as to make the Fair Visitor anxious, but be careful to be ill enough to be interesting.

'Would you like me to read to you?' she asks presently. Her satchel bulges ominously, and you feel that . . . (well, never mind!) is nestling within, purple cover and all.

You know the Fair Visitor's taste in literature; you hate her favourite authoress who is so sweet—yet you fear to utter a brutal 'No.' There is only one course of action; carry the war into the enemy's country.

'Yes, please,' you declare with hurried enthusiasm. 'I should love you to read me "The Anatomy of Melancholy." They've got it in the hospital library.'

You will find that the Fair Visitor does not read that great work to you; in fact, soon her lips are framing the inevitable parting phrase of the visitor—'Are you sure there is *nothing* I can do for you?'

'Nothing except to come again soon,' you assure her as she sails out contented to George waiting downstairs.

When a hospital is about to be visited by any public character, there are elaborate preparations; for royalty the patients are tidied up almost as much as for the doctor on his morning round. With royal visits it is not proposed to deal; but if you are to be thus honoured, remember to make your nurse rehearse her curtsy; this will help you to get some of your own back, and as a critic of the curtsy you are in a strong moral position.

Sometimes a great beauty visits the hospital, and you may rely upon having ample notice of the visit. You should scan the papers to see where she is acting, and hunt up old magazine articles to find out her favourite flower, her favourite colour, her favourite author, her favourite sport. Armed with this knowledge you can make her feel that her visit has been a Real Success.

Some patients may attempt obstructive tactics with the regular hospital visitor who makes visiting a profession ; it is, however, useless, for these visitors have good memories. Next time they come, they say : ' Yes, that is the patient who was too ill to see me last time, poor fellow. I am glad he's better ' ; they visit that patient and take a Special Interest in him.\*

The professional visitor flourishes in three well-defined types—The Lady Bountiful, The Tract Server, and The Thrill Finder. Generally they are women, but in the second group men also may be found.

The Lady Bountiful always wears gloves and carries a wicker basket ' full,' as she says, ' of good things.' She is at her best in a large ward which is well filled ; then she radiates goodness. She has a word for everybody, and she is playful—even frivolous.

' Guess what I have for you men this week,' she exclaims girlishly.

' Woodbines,' growls the sepulchral voice of the oldest patient, who has six months' experience to guide him.

' No, no, Jimmy,' she cries impulsively. ' Better even than that—something from my own garden.'

Nobody tries another guess ; a Scotsman mutters inaudibly in a corner, and someone unsympathetically puts on the gramophone's noisiest record—' The Arrival of a Troopship.'

The Lady Bountiful glides down the ward between the beds and without favouritism scatters her gifts around her ; she is as just as she is fair, and every man gets his portion of one cherry from her garden.

The Tract Server, unlike the Lady Bountiful, prefers the small rooms to the large wards ; her business leads her to whisper, for she traffics in souls. She dresses in black, and as often as not wears a bonnet ; she looks benign, but her speech is of torture, of damnation, and of the horrors of hell. You cannot evade her ; directly she speaks to you, you should ring for your nurse.

' Do you feel saved, young man ? ' she questions.

' No.'



This answer will set her rummaging among her tracts, but before she finds a suitable one the nurse should have come in.

'Nurse,' you say in a clear, firm voice, 'please give me my afternoon glass of gin; I am feeling restless.'

This remark will help The Tract Server in choosing out the right tract; and she will be confident that she is doing good.

The Thrill Finder is the easiest of the professional visitors, for she asks leading questions and almost answers them herself.

'Do tell me what it felt like in the charge, when you pierced a man with your bayonet,' she trills in your ear. 'Was it like putting a knife into butter, as I've been told?'

It will only annoy her if you tell her that you are in hospital with jaundice, caught in a draughty office at the base, and that although you know much about butter, you know little about bayonets. It is wiser to remind yourself that man differs from the lower animals in being gifted with imagination, and therefore go ahead.

'Madam, I hardly like to speak of it,' you begin in a voice that the strong, silent man of fiction would use, if only the lady novelist could entice him out of his habit of inexpressive grunting. 'Madam, there were three of us, and now only I remain; we each carried the same message—it was from our captain to his brother, who was in command of a company five miles down the line. The captain's brother was about to get his ten days' leave, and the captain wished his brother to remind their mother to put in her next parcel to the captain a pair of braces.'

'A cipher message, of course,' quivered The Thrill Finder.

'This message was not only written on paper, but also was committed to memory. There was a choice of many ways to get to the captain's brother, but owing to a bend in our line at that point, the straight way led across no-man's-land, through the enemy's lines, and out again into no-man's-land; that was the path I chose, the line of the crow's flight—the straight path. Of my comrades, one went back along a communication trench and then across country behind our lines, but I never saw him again; the other suffered a mishap, for in the dark he fell into a deep shell hole, full of water, and was drowned. I may not reveal to you, madam, how I penetrated into the enemy's trenches, but without betraying secrets I may say that the password was the mystic word which I learned in my student days at Heidelberg, the word—*Mahlzeit*. I did not have to disguise myself, for, as you are well

aware, the enemy is so unscrupulous in the use of disguises that they wear only khaki and speak only English. I found that they kept up their old national customs in the trenches; it was not until I had fought two duels and partaken of fourteen tankards of beer that I was able to slip away unnoticed, marching straight along the compass bearing which I had had the forethought to take before I started out to find the captain's brother. The last mile of my journey led through a maze of wire, every strand of which was highly charged with electric current, but, by means of an old-fashioned trick—a secret of the family—which was taught me by my old tutor and I dare not now disclose, I was able to pass through unscathed. On the other side I was fired at by a British machine-gun, which cut a pattern of holes through the flap of my coat, but the bullets rebounded off my steel helmet; soon, however, I convinced them of my identity by singing "The Vicar of Bray" to them to the sweet, well-known old tune. I handed my message to the captain's brother and fell senseless at his feet.'

'Oh, how exciting!' exclaimed The Thrill Finder. 'You must put it all down in my little book which I have brought with me. I call it my Book of Heroes.'

'Your book of horrors,' no doubt you murmur as you glance through it. It's a long, tiring story to write out, but only by doing so can you get rid of The Thrill Finder.

Inevitably there comes a time during your stay in hospital when you begin to find yourself neglected. The doctor is no longer regular in his visits, and does not pay any attention to your accurate descriptions of your symptoms. The nurses become careless; they forget to take your temperature, to feel your pulse; brutally they make you wash yourself. The food supplied is nasty and the cooking is execrable, your visitors are unsympathetic and cantankerous. There is no doubt about it, you feel that the world is in conspiracy against you. You are truculent and refuse to take your medicines; you know that you are irritable, and you feel more ill than you have ever felt before. You point out the shocking state of your nerves, and are met with inane smiles. Finally one day you become the victim of a culminating atrocity; the sister says sharply to you: 'You are to get up.' All this misery of yours is only a portent and a sign; you are really better, and soon you will be convalescent.

There remains but one obstacle between you and the healthy life; it is the medical board. It is important to remember that

medical boards vary greatly, and it is difficult to generalise about them. For the most part they consist of three somnolent old gentlemen who have long forgotten any medical knowledge they may have possessed; they are benevolent, and generally do the right thing except after having received a rouser from the War Office. The rouser has the effect of just making them mad; they become careful of the letter, but not of the spirit of their complicated instructions. It is better to come before a medical board with a statement from your doctor regarding your case; usually you are ordered to bring such a statement, but sometimes it only annoys the president of the board.

'What does this fellow know about you?' querulously asked the ancient who was president of a medical board.

'Well, sir, I've been under his care for three months.'

'Let me tell you this—it doesn't matter what these doctors say: only the board matters. Don't you bother about doctors and their opinions; we are here to tell you how you feel.'

Without doubt the chief preoccupation of medical boards is the correct filling in of the army forms which they have to prepare; as long as that is done accurately nothing else matters. Therefore you should have an answer ready to questions as to your name, rank, regiment, age, and date of disability. Beyond that say little, but act upon Biblical principles and limit your replies to 'Yea, yea,' or 'Nay, nay,' according to the questions of the board.

To be a successful patient requires constant practice, but constant practice is not popular. In default of practice only rules can guide you. The whole theory may be summed up in the Three Golden Rules of Conduct for Patients:

1. Please the doctor.
2. Amuse the nurse.
3. Entertain the visitor.

## ETON REVISITED.

'WINDSOR—eleven fifteen—on the right.' The girl collector clipped my third-class ticket superciliously; pointed me up the platform.

Sliding out of Paddington, it seemed to me for a moment that the years, the soiled and hectic years, had been peeled from my mind as a writer peels the soiled blotting-paper from his pad. I was boy again, 'going back,' after the holidays. Such a beast of a boy! over-intellectual of brain, under-developed of body, chafing at all discipline, stifling in the scholastic atmosphere. My whole unformed character revolted at the thought of another 'half' (a long winter half, with compulsory 'footer') in the company of raw schoolboys (so my old self phrased it), under the domination of narrow-minded masters. If only I could escape from that narrowness, escape anywhither so long as it were into the real world, the world of men and women. . . .

'So I goes up to him, and I says: "Sir, if the order is for the company to retire in column of fours, you must give the number of the leading platoon."'

The argument between the two G.G. sergeants—the old type, these, beyond any doubting—jerked me from reverie into the present; and I sat listening to them, vaguely interested, rather proud of myself for being able to follow the intricacies of their talk. But through it all, subconsciously, I saw myself as youngster, 'going back,' hating it. And as, Slough passed, we swung round the brick causeway; as, one by one, the known landmarks rose into view; Apprehension—dark bird bred of neurasthenia in over-imaginative brain—croaked ever more loudly in my ear.

Had it been wise, this hurried decision to revisit the past? I had made no secret of my dislike for Eton, and all that Eton stands for—her self-satisfaction, her narrowness, her absurd regard for 'form'; had lashed out at her more than once with unruly tongue and still unrulier pen. Why, then, this sudden desire to see her again? Why?—croaked the bird Apprehension—why? why? why?

But the first ghost of my dead self, waiting, untidy-hatted, hands-in-pocket, at that clean, unhurried station, drove all but one thought from my mind. As I walked out into Windsor; turned left-handed

past Layton's where always we used to lunch together; swung down the corkscrew hill to the bridge; it came to me that there by my side, visible, tangible almost, She walked. And my heart knew—as surely never before—a great thrill of recollection for her to whose comradeship I owe so proud a debt—to my mother who, living, denied me nothing which love could give; and, dying, bade me not grieve for her, but only to 'think of me sometimes, think kindly of me.' . . .

[So thinking, I crossed the river.

Windsor has changed a little; here and there a new and staring shop front offends the remembering eye: but the Eton street is utterly unaltered, even the faces one passes seem those of yore. Their talk, at any rate, is the same; I catch fragments of it all my way to Barnes Pool.

'I don't quite like like gray overcoats,' says an untidy dandy in 'tails' to his scantier-clad fellow, as they eye my old-fashioned mufti casually.

'Well, it oughtn't to have a strap at the back,' comments the other.

'Who's your tailor?' The conversation dwindles, dies away behind me.

A moment later, between the post-office and Devereux's be-coloured window, I find—naturally enough—the selfsame perplexed father searching for the selfsame apologetic son, who will be 'most awfully sorry I couldn't meet you, pater, but we've only just got out of school.' And, lo! here he comes—his thirteen-year-old face serious as that of an Ambassador welcoming some foreign dignitary. Smiling, I stroll on; to linger a moment in front of the print-shop (where my youth bought the inevitable 'Midnight Steeplechase'), and conjure up the legend of its erstwhile proprietor, whose high neck bandage gave rise to the rumour that he had tried to cut his throat. For which, if true, remembering our execrable taste in prints, I can hardly blame him.

By now, I have passed Rowland's—the identical card 'Home Orders Supplied' still hangs in the low old-fashioned window—and Mat Wright's; have turned in under 'me tutor's' archway. The same six tubs, green-painted, bright with marguerites and geraniums, still stand in the cobbled courtyard; the door is still open; the same dark narrow passage still half welcomes, half denies welcome. I press the bell, and go in.

Harris the old butler (time has polished but not wrinkled that saturnine face) comes pottering, shirt-sleeved as of old, from his pantry. His name, remembered somehow, rises to my lips in greeting. But already, through the half-open door of puppy hole (I should, at my age, write pupil-room—but can't) I have seen 'me tutor.' He is seated on his low dais, a few silent youngsters at the forms below. Nothing in his attitude—poise of head, position of hands, set of shoulders—has altered. Only the hair seems a trifle grayer. He recognises me as I cross the room; holds out a hand; smiles a welcome. And somehow, with that smile, all my misgivings of an hour ago vanish, leaving nothing behind them save a deep feeling of pleasure, of gratitude. I have come back!

Yes; it is all pleasure—the clamber about the house (we have built a new wing since my time, added eight rooms, bow-windowed, looking on to greenery); the corridors that piece themselves together bit by bit in my memory, as a child builds up bricks; the 'this was so-and-so's in your time' from him, and the 'Yes, and this such-an-one's' from me; the discovery of my own narrow chamber, on the topmost floor, where we flush a small youngster, deep in a book—as it might have been myself. But time has done away with that red-striped wall-paper of mine; and for a moment the lack of it vexes me: till I remember how few wall-papers—as how few opinions, paperings of the mind—outlast the lapse of seventeen years.

'I really must be getting back to pupil-room,' he says at last; and so, promising to return for luncheon, I pass out into the courtyard once more.

Fate, sternest of disciplinarians, does nothing by halves. I was to be converted, fully and formally, to the public-school system which I had despised. To serve her purposes towards that conversion, fate needed one man, one mood, one moment. So, doubtless smiling a little, she decreed that as I lounged under the autumnal trees, debating with myself where next to bend my idle steps, I should meet none other than the opener of all the doors, a kindly dignitary, known aforetime; who, recognising me, brooked no denial, but led the *quondam* scoffer into the heart of Eton—a silent spacious residence of uncreaking stairways and high cream-panelled corridors, where the very spirit of scholarship seems to brood. And there, utterly and unashamedly jealous,

I lingered in a square bookshelved writing-room, whence from the one side one looked up across the high immediate green of woods to the gray nearness of the Castle, and from the other down a wide vista of trees that fringed the flat and swirling river.

From that ideal of studies, we made our way to the College library; and stood there gossiping a full half-hour of Aldi and Incunabula, till the dignitary, moved to confidence, produced for my inspection his latest treasure—no less than a tiny water-colour, signed 'R. Rice,' in a thin frame of old wood, whose opened back reveals in the handwriting of some eighteenth-century lady the words 'Percy B. Shelley, aged 14 years.' Now, whether this picture be authentic or not—the high cheek bones, the staring eyes seem absolutely identical with the Curran portrait—is not for me to judge. All I know is that to me, examining it, dreaming of how rebellious boyhood sometimes fructifies into genius, appeared the Head himself, not the awe-inspiring Plancus of my youth, but a younger and to-me-kindlier personage, of winning smile and tactful well-chosen word. . . .

By the time I returned to 'me tutor's,' Eton had repossessed me, heart and brain, as never in earlier days.

Luncheon in the bare dining-room, with the three crosswise tables, brought no disillusionment, only a riper appreciation. I was introduced, rapidly, informally, to the Head of the House, the Captain of the Boats: talk ran easily enough, now towards literature, now towards sport. Sexton (minimus of the my-time Sexton), seated on my right, told me of his brother, now a Major; 'me tutor' (he has changed his place, takes a central seat at the first long table instead of its head) spoke a little of old times; so that memory conjured up a picture of a diminutive white house, demolished to form the site of the Memorial, and far-off days when no silver cups adorned the dining-room, and house-colours were yet to earn.

There was the old silence for 'grace,' the old rattle of chairs to the last syllable of 'benedicatur.'

'You would like to look at the photographs,' suggested my host. I should like to tell the story of those photographs to some of our pacifists. Here is a house-four—wiped out utterly, 'gone west' from cox to bow: here, an eleven of whom but two (and they wounded) are left. . . . Examining them, I seemed to hear a far-off voice, marvellously futile, but marvellously like my own, decrying that worn-out institution—the public school!



It rained after lunch, rained all through 'absence,' but the clouds cleared before three o'clock. So that I spent yet another pleasant hour, gossiping to 'me tutor' while he umpired a panting house-match, and realising—as we chased up and down the sodden field—that 'sneaking' and 'cornering' were still mysteries to me, and would probably remain so until the day of my death.

Game over, we walked—egoist and altruist—a full mile along the Dorney road, deep in talk; and came home early to silver tea-things in the long dining-room with the French windows opening out on to the garden; and at a quarter to five, panicked as all neurasthenics with the idea that I might lose my train, I bade him *au revoir*.

Just a few hours—but strangely stimulating. In them, I think Eton taught me more than in all the earlier years: for she taught me—though how she did it, I do not yet know—the meaning of our public-school education. And the meaning lies in one word—*character*. Narrow, the system may be, faulty here and there; but because it insists on the predominance of character over intellect, it will stand fast, as I believe this Empire of ours will stand fast.

As a nation we are—Heaven knows—far from perfect: we lack the quick intelligence of the Italian, the keen logic of the Frenchman, the vigour of America; we are hypocritical, casual, almost devoid of sympathy for ideas other than our own. But we *do* possess, deep down under our dreadful self-satisfaction, a reverence for the right thing, for playing the game—in a word, for character. And of that reverence, our public schools are at once the fosterers and the custodians. Their record of the last three years is the best testimony to the value of it. And I think that when the new era dawns; when we have learned sympathy—with our own wage-slaves, with our Colonies, with the rest of the world; when we realise that this war was the least of the evils to which our blindness could have driven us; when we at last make up our minds to practise the doctrine of decency which we have just begun to preach; then the public-school tradition, the tradition of the 'right thing,' will come for the first time into its real kingdom.

GILBERT FRANKAU.

*MOON OF ISRAEL.*

*A TALE OF THE EXODUS.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

CHAPTER V.

THE PROPHECY.

WHETHER or no the Prince Seti saw Userti again before the hour of his marriage with her I cannot say, because he never told me. Indeed I was not present at the marriage, for the reason that I had been granted leave to return to Memphis, there to settle my affairs and sell my house on entering upon my appointment as private scribe to his Highness. Thus it came about that fourteen full days went by from that of the holding of the Court of Betrothal before I found myself standing once more at the gate of the Prince's palace, attended by a servant who led an ass on which were laden all my manuscripts and certain possessions that had descended to me from my ancestors with the title-deeds of their tombs. Different indeed was my reception on this my second coming. Even as I reached the steps the old chamberlain Pambasa appeared, running down them so fast that his white robes and beard streamed upon the air.

'Greeting, most learned scribe, most honourable Ana,' he panted. 'Glad indeed am I to see you, since every hour his Highness asks if you have returned, and blames me because you have not come. Verily I believe that if you had stayed upon the road another day I should have been sent to look for you, who have had sharp words said to me because I did not arrange that you should be accompanied by a guard, as though the Vizier Nehesi would have paid the costs of a guard without the direct order of Pharaoh. O most excellent Ana, give me of the charm which you have doubtless used to win the love of our royal master, and I will pay you well for it who find it easier to earn his wrath.'

'I will, Pambasa. Here it is—write better stories than I do instead of telling them, and he will love you more than he does me. But say—how went the marriage? I have heard upon the way that it was very splendid.'

'Splendid! Oh! it was ten times more than splendid. It was as though the god Osiris were once more wed to the goddess Isis in the very halls of heaven. Indeed his Highness, the bridegroom, was dressed as a god, yes, he wore the robes and the holy ornaments of Amon. And the procession! And the feast that Pharaoh gave! I tell you that the Prince was so overcome with joy and all this weight of glory that, before it was over, looking at him I saw that his eyes were closed, being dazzled by the gleam of gold and jewels and the loveliness of his royal bride. He told me that it was so himself, fearing perhaps lest I should have thought that he was asleep. Then there were the presents, something to every one of us according to his degree. I got—well, it matters not. And, learned Ana, I did not forget you. Knowing well that everything would be gone before you returned I spoke your name in the ear of his Highness, offering to keep your gift.'

'Indeed, Pambasa, and what did he say?'

'He said that he was keeping it himself. When I stared wondering what it might be, for I saw nothing on him, he added "It is here," and touched the private signet guard that he has always worn, an ancient ring of gold, but of no great value I should say, with "Beloved of Thoth and of the King" cut upon it. It seems that he must take it off to make room for another and much finer ring which her Highness has given him.'

Now, by this time, the ass having been unloaded by the slaves and led away, we had passed through the hall where many were idling as ever, and were come to the private apartments of the palace.

'This way,' said Pambasa. 'The orders are that I am to take you to the Prince wherever he may be, and just now he is seated in the great apartment with her Highness, where they have been receiving homage and deputations from distant cities. The last left about half an hour ago.'

'First I will prepare myself, worthy Pambasa,' I began.

'No, no, the orders are instant, I dare not disobey them. Enter,' and with a courtly flourish he drew a rich curtain.

'By Amon,' exclaimed a weary voice which I knew as that of the Prince, 'here come more councillors or priests. Prepare, my sister, prepare!'

'I pray you, Seti,' answered another voice, that of Userti, 'to learn to call me by my right name, which is no longer sister. Nor, indeed, am I your full sister.'

'I crave your pardon,' said Seti. 'Prepare, Royal Wife, prepare!'

By now the curtain was fully drawn and I stood, travel-stained, forlorn and, to tell the truth, trembling a little—for I feared her Highness—in the doorway, hesitating to pass the threshold. Beyond was a splendid chamber full of light, in the centre of which upon a carven and gilded chair, one of two that were set there, sat her Highness magnificently apparelled, faultlessly beautiful and calm. She was engaged in studying a painted roll, left no doubt by the last deputation, for others similar to it were laid neatly side by side upon a table.

The second chair was empty, for the Prince was walking restlessly up and down the chamber, his ceremonial robe somewhat disarrayed and the uræus circlet of gold which he wore, tilted back upon his head, because of his habit of running his fingers through his brown hair. As I still stood in the dark shadow, for Pambasa had left me, and thus remained unseen, the talk went on.

'I am prepared, Husband. Pardon me, it is you who look otherwise. Why would you dismiss the scribes and household before the ceremony was ended?'

'Because they wearied me,' said Seti, 'with their continual bowing and praising and formalities.'

'In which I saw nothing unusual. Now they must be recalled.'

'Let whoever it is enter,' he exclaimed.

Then I stepped forward into the light, prostrating myself.

'Why,' he cried, 'it is Ana returned from Memphis! Draw near, Ana, and a thousand welcomes to you. Do you know I thought that you were another high-priest, or governor of some Nome of which I never heard.'

'Ana! Who is Ana?' asked the Princess. 'Oh! I remember, that scribe——. Well, it is plain that he has returned from Memphis,' and she eyed my dusty robe.

'Royal One,' I murmured abashed, 'do not blame me that I enter your presence thus. Pambasa led me here against my will by the direct order of the Prince.'

'Is it so? Say, Seti, does this man bring tidings of import from Memphis that you needed his presence in such haste?'

'Yes, Userti, at least I think so. You have the writings safe, have you not, Ana?'

'Quite safe, your Highness,' I answered, though I knew not of

what writings he spoke, unless they were the manuscripts of my stories.

'Then, my Lord, I will leave you to talk of the tidings from Memphis and these writings,' said the Princess.

'Yes, yes. We must talk of them, Userti. Also of the journey to the land of Goshen on which Ana starts with me to-morrow.'

'To-morrow! Why this morning you told me it was fixed for three days hence.'

'Did I, Sister—I mean Wife? If so, it was because I was not sure whether Ana, who is to be my chariot companion, would be back.'

'A scribe your chariot companion! Surely it would be more fitting that your cousin Amenmeses—'

'To Set with Amenmeses!' he exclaimed. 'You know well, Userti, that the man is hateful to me with his cunning yet empty talk.'

'Indeed! I grieve to hear it, for when you hate you show it, and Amenmeses may be a bad enemy. Then if not our cousin Amenmeses who is not hateful to me, there is Saptah.'

'I thank you; I will not travel in a cage with a jackal.'

'Jackal! I do not love Saptah, but one of the royal blood of Egypt a jackal! Then there is Nehesi the Vizier, or the General of the escort whose name I forget.'

'Do you think, Userti, that I wish to talk about state economies with that old money-sack, or to listen to boastings of deeds he never did in war from a half-bred Nubian butcher?'

'I do not know, Husband. Yet of what will you talk with this Ana? Of poems, I suppose, and such silliness. Or will it be perchance of Merapi, Moon of Israel, whom I gather both of you think so beautiful. Well, have your way. You tell me that I am not to accompany you upon this journey, I your new-made wife, and now I find that it is because you wish my place to be filled by a writer of tales whom you picked up the other day—your "twin in Ra" forsooth! Fare you well, my Lord,' and she rose from her seat, gathering up her robes with both hands.

Then Seti grew angry.

'Userti,' he said stamping upon the floor, 'you should not use such words. You know well that I do not take you with me because there may be danger yonder among the Hebrews. Moreover, it is not Pharaoh's wish.'

She turned and answered with cold courtesy,

'Then I crave your pardon and thank you for your kind thought for the safety of my person. I knew not this mission was so dangerous. Be careful, Seti, that the scribe Ana comes to no harm.'

So saying she bowed and vanished through the curtains.

'Ana,' said Seti, 'tell me, for I never was quick at figures, how many minutes is it from now till the fourth hour to-morrow morning when I shall order my chariot to be ready? Also, do you know whether it is possible to get from Goshen across the marshes and to return by Syria? Or, failing that, to travel across the desert to Thebes and return down the Nile in the spring?'

'Oh! my Prince, my Prince,' I said, 'I pray you to dismiss me. Let me go anywhere out of the reach of her Highness's tongue.'

'It is strange how alike we think upon every matter, Ana, even of Merapi and the tongues of royal ladies. Hearken to my command. You are not to go. If it is a question of going, there are others who will go first. Moreover, you cannot go, but must stay and bear your burdens as I bear mine. Remember the broken cup, Ana.'

'I remember, my Prince, but sooner would I be scourged with rods than by such words as those to which I must listen.'

Yet that very night, when I had left the Prince, I was destined to hear more pleasant words from this same changeful, or perchance politic, royal lady. She sent for me and I went, much afraid. I found her in a small chamber alone, save for one old lady of honour who sat at the end of the room and appeared to be deaf, which perhaps was why she was chosen. Userti bade me be seated before her very courteously, and spoke to me thus, whether because of some talk she had held with the Prince or not, I do not know.

'Scribe Ana, I ask your pardon if, being vexed and wearied, I said to you and of you to-day what I now wish I had left unsaid. I know well that you, being of the gentle blood of Egypt, will make no report of what you heard outside these walls.'

'May my tongue be cut out first,' I answered.

'It seems, Scribe Ana, that my lord the Prince has taken a great love of you. How or why this came about so suddenly, you being a man, I do not understand, but I am sure that as it is so, it must be because there is much in you to love, since never did I know the Prince to show deep regard for one who was not most honourable and worthy. Now things being so, it is plain that you will become the favourite of his Highness, a man who does not change his mind in such matters, and that he will tell you all his

secret thoughts, perhaps some that he hides from the Councillors of State, or even from me. In fact you will grow into a power in the land and perhaps one day be the greatest in it—after Pharaoh, although you may still seem to be but a private scribe.

‘I do not pretend to you that I should have wished this to be so, who would rather that my husband had but one real councillor—myself. Yet seeing that it is so, I bow my head, hoping that it may be decreed for the best. If ever any jealousy should overcome me in this matter and I should speak sharply to you, as I did to-day, I ask your pardon in advance for that which has not happened, as I have asked it for that which has happened. I pray of you, Scribe Ana, that you will do your best to influence the mind of the Prince for good, since he is easily led by any whom he loves. I pray you also, being quick and clever, as I see well you are, that you will make a study of statecraft, and of the policies of our royal House, coming to me, if it be needful, for instruction therein, so that you may be able to guide the feet of the Prince aright, should he turn to you for counsel.’

‘All of this I will do, your Highness, if by any chance it lies in my power, though who am I that I should hope to make a path for the feet of kings? Moreover, I would add this, although he is so gentle-natured, I think that in the end the Prince is one who will always choose his own path.’

‘It may be so, Ana. At the least I thank you. I pray you to be sure also that in me you will always have a friend and not an enemy, although at times the quickness of my nature, which has never been controlled, may lead you to think otherwise. Now I will say one more thing that shall be secret between us. I know that the Prince loves me as a friend and relative rather than as a wife, and that he would not have sought this marriage of himself, as is perhaps natural. I know, too, that other women will come into his life, though these may be fewer than in the case of most kings, because he is more hard to please. Of such I cannot complain, as this is according to the customs of our country. I fear but one thing—namely that some woman, ceasing to be his plaything, may take Seti’s heart and make him altogether hers. In this matter, Scribe Ana, as in others I ask your help, since I would be queen of Egypt in all ways, not in name only.’

‘Your Highness, how can I say to the Prince—“So much shall you love this or that woman and no more”? Moreover, why do you fear that which has not and may never come about?’



'I do not know how you can say such a thing, Scribe, still I ask you to say it if you can. As to why I fear, it is because I seem to feel the near shadow of some woman lying cold upon me and building a wall of blackness between his Highness and myself.'

'It is but a dream,' Princess.'

'Mayhap. I hope so. Yet I think otherwise. Oh! Ana, cannot you, who study the hearts of men and women, understand my case? I have married where I can never hope to be loved as other women are, I who am a wife, yet not a wife. I read your thought; it is—why then did you marry? Since I have told you so much I will tell you that also. First, it is because the Prince is different from other men and in his own fashion above them, yes, far above any with whom I could have wed as royal heiress of Egypt. Secondly, because being cut off from love, what remains to me but ambition? At least I would be a great queen, as was Hatshepu in her day, and lift my country out of the many troubles in which it is sunk and write my name large upon the books of history, which I could only do by taking Pharaoh's heir to husband, as is my duty.'

She brooded a while, then added, 'Now I have shown you all my thought. Whether I have been wise to do so the gods know alone and time will tell me.'

'Princess,' I said, 'I thank you for trusting me and I will help you if I may. Yet I am troubled. I, a humble man if of good blood, who a little while ago was but a scribe and a student, a dreamer who had known trouble also, have suddenly by chance, or some divine decree, been lifted high in the favour of the heir of Egypt, and it would seem have even won your trust. Now I wonder how I shall bear myself in this new place which in truth I never sought.'

'I do not know, who find the present and its troubles enough to carry. But, doubtless, the decree of which you speak that set you there has also written down what will be the end of it all. Meanwhile, I have a gift for you. Say, Scribe, have you ever handled any weapon besides a pen?'

'Yes, your Highness, as a lad I was skilled in sword play. Moreover, though I do not love war and bloodshed, some years ago I fought in the great battle between the Ninebow Barbarians, when Pharaoh called upon the young men of Memphis to do their part. With my own hands I slew two in fair fight, though one

nearly brought me to my end,' and I pointed to a scar which showed red through my grey hair where a spear had bitten deep.

'It is well, or so I think, who love soldiers better than stainers of papyrus pith.'

Then, going to a painted chest of reeds, she took from it a wonderful shirt of mail fashioned of bronze rings, and a short sword also of bronze, having a golden hilt of which the end was shaped to the likeness of the head of a lion, and with her own hands gave them to me, saying,

'These are spoils that my grandsire, the great Rameses, took in his youth from a prince of the Khitah, whom he smote with his own hands in Syria in that battle whereof your grandfather made the poem. Wear the shirt, which no spear will pierce, beneath your robe and gird the sword about you when you go down yonder among the Israelites, whom I do not trust. I have given a like coat to the Prince. Let it be your duty to see that it is upon his sacred person day and night. Let it be your duty also, if need arises, with this sword to defend him to the death. Farewell.'

'May all the gods reject me from the Fields of the Blessed if I fail in this trust,' I answered, and departed wondering, to seek sleep which, as it chanced, I was not to find for a while.

For as I went down the corridor, led by one of the ladies of the household, whom should I find waiting at the end of it but old Pambasa to inform me with many bows that the Prince needed my presence. I asked how that could be seeing he had dismissed me for the night. He replied that he did not know, but he was commanded to conduct me to the private chamber, the same room in which I had first seen his Highness. Thither I went and found him warming himself at the fire, for the night was cold. Looking up he bade Pambasa admit those who were waiting, then noting the shirt of mail and the sword I carried in my hand, said,

'You have been with the Princess, have you not, and she must have had much to say to you, for your talk was long? Well, I think I can guess its purport who from a child have known her mind. She told you to watch me well, body and heart and all that comes from the heart—oh! and much else. Also she gave you that Syrian gear to wear among the Hebrews as she has given the like to me, being of a careful mind which foresees everything. Now, hearken, Ana; I grieve to keep you from your rest, who must be weary both with talk and travel. But old Bakenkhonsu, whom you know, waits without, and with him Ki the great magician, whom I think

you have not seen. He is a man of wonderful lore and in some ways not altogether human. At least he does strange feats of magic, and at times both the past and the future seem to be open to his sight, though as we know neither the one nor the other, who can tell whether he reads them truly? Doubtless he has, or thinks he has, some message to me from the heavens, which I thought you might wish to hear.'

'I wish it much, Prince, if I am worthy, and you will protect me from the anger of this magician whom I fear.'

'Anger sometimes turns to trust, Ana. Did you not find it so just now in the case of her Highness, as I told you might very well happen? Hush! They come. Be seated and prepare your tablets to make record of what they say.'

The curtains were drawn and through them came the aged Bakenkhonsu leaning upon his staff, and with him another man, Ki himself, clad in a white robe and having his head shaven, for he was an hereditary priest of Amon of Thebes and an initiate of Isis, Mother of Mysteries. Also his office was that of Kherheb, or chief magician of Egypt. At first sight there was nothing strange about this man. Indeed, he might well have been a middle-aged merchant by his looks; in body he was short and stout; in face fat and smiling. But in this jovial countenance were set two very strange eyes, grey-hued rather than black. While the rest of the face seemed to smile these eyes looked straight into nothingness as do those of a statue. Indeed they were like to the eyes or rather the eye-places of a stone statue, so deeply were they set into the head. For my part I can only say I thought them awful, and by their look judged that whatever Ki might be he was no cheat.

This strange pair bowed to the Prince and seated themselves at a sign from him, Bakenkhonsu upon a stool because he found it difficult to rise, and Ki, who was younger, scribe fashion on the ground.

'What did I tell you, Bakenkhonsu?' said Ki in a full, rich voice, ending the words with a curious chuckle.

'You told me, Magician, that we should find the Prince in this chamber of which you described every detail to me as I see it now, although neither of us have entered it before. You said also that seated therein on the ground would be the scribe Ana, whom I know but you do not, having in his hands waxen tablets and a stylus and by him a coat of curious mail and a lion-hilted sword.'

'That is strange,' interrupted the Prince, 'but forgive me,

Bakenkhonsu sees these things. If you, O Ki, would tell us what is written upon Ana's tablets which neither of you can see, it would be stranger still, that is if anything is written.'

Ki smiled and stared upwards at the ceiling. Presently he said, 'The scribe Ana uses a shorthand of his own that is not easy to decipher. Yet I see written on the tablets the price he obtained for some house in a city that is not named—it is so much. Also I see the sums he disbursed for himself, a servant, and the food of an ass at two inns where he stopped upon a journey. They are so much and so much. Also there is a list of papyrus rolls and the words "blue cloak," and then an erasure.'

'Is that right, Ana?' asked the Prince.

'Quite right,' I answered with awe, 'only the words "blue cloak," which it is true I wrote upon the tablet, have also been erased.'

Ki chuckled and turned his eyes from the ceiling to my face.

'Would your Highness wish me to tell you anything of what is written upon the tablets of this scribe's memory as well as upon those of wax which he holds in his hand? They are easier to decipher than the others and I see on them many things of interest. For instance, secret words that seem to have been said to him by some Great One within an hour, matters of high policy, I think. For instance, a certain saying, I think of your Highness's, as to shivering upon the edge of water on a cold day, which when entered produced heat, and the answer thereto. For instance, words that were spoken in this palace when an alabaster cup was broke. By the way, Scribe, that was a very good place you chose in which to hide one half of the cup in the false bottom of a chest in your chamber, a chest that is fastened with a cord and sealed with a scarab of the time of the second Rameses. I think that the other half of the cup is somewhat nearer at hand,' and turning, he stared at the wall where I could see nothing save slabs of alabaster.

Now I sat open-mouthed, for how could this man know these things, and the Prince laughed outright, saying,

'Ana, I begin to think you keep your counsel ill. At least I should think so, were it not that you have had no time to tell what the Princess yonder may have said to you, and can scarcely know the trick of the sliding panel in that wall which I have never shown to you.'

Ki chuckled again and a smile grew on old Bakenkhonsu's broad and wrinkled face.

'O Prince,' I began, 'I swear to you that never has one word passed my lips of aught—'

'I know it, friend,' broke in the Prince, 'but it seems there are some who do not wait for words but can read the Book of Thought. Therefore it is well not to meet them too often, since all have thoughts that should be known only to them and God. Magician, what is your business with me? Speak on as though we were alone.'

'This, Prince. You go upon a journey among the Hebrews, as all have heard. Now, Bakenkhonsu and I, also two seers of my College, seeing that we all love you and that your welfare is much to Egypt, have separately sought out the future as regards the issue of this journey. Although what we have learned differs in some matters, on others it is the same. Therefore we thought it our duty to tell you what we have learned.'

'Say on, Kherheb.'

'First, then, that your Highness's life will be in danger.'

'Life is always in danger, Ki. Shall I lose it? If so, do not fear to tell me.'

'We do not know, but we think not, because of the rest that is revealed to us. We learn that it is not your body only that will be in danger. Upon this journey you will see a woman whom you will come to love. This woman will, we think, bring you much sorrow and also much joy.'

'Then perhaps that journey is worth making, Ki, since many travel far before they can find aught that they can love. Tell me, have I met this woman?'

'There we are troubled, Prince, for it would seem—unless we are deceived—that you have met her often and often; that you have known her for thousands of years, as you have known that man at your side for thousands of years.'

Seti's face grew very interested.

'What do you mean, Magician?' he asked, eyeing him keenly. 'How can I who am still young have known a woman and a man for thousands of years?'

Ki considered him with his strange eyes, and answered,

'You have many titles, Prince. Is not one of them "Lord of Re-births," and if so, how did you get it and what does it mean?'

'It is. What it means I do not know, but it was given to me because of some dream that my mother had the night before I was born. Do you tell me what it means, since you seem to know so much.'

'I cannot, Prince. The secret is not one that has been shown to me. Yet there was an aged man, a magician like myself from whom I learned much in my youth—Bakenkhonsu here knew him well—who made a study of this matter. He told me he was sure, because it had been revealed to him, that men do not live once only and then depart hence for ever. He said that they live many times and in many shapes, though not always on this world, and that between each life there is a wall of darkness.'

'If so, of what use are lives which we do not remember after death has shut the door of each of them?'

'The doors may open again at last, Prince, and show us all the chambers through which our feet have wandered from the beginning.'

'Our religion teaches us, Ki, that after death we live eternally elsewhere in our own bodies, which we find again on the day of resurrection. Now eternity, having no end, can have no beginning; it is a circle. Therefore if the one be true, namely that we live on, it would seem that the other must be true, namely that we have always lived.'

'That is well reasoned, Prince. In the early days before priests froze the thought of man into blocks of stone and built of them shrines to a thousand gods, many held that this reasoning was true, as then they held that there was but one god.'

'As do these Israelites whom I go to visit. What say you of their god, Ki?'

'That he is the same as our gods, Prince. To men's eyes God has many faces, and each swears that the one he sees is the only true god. Yet they are wrong, for all are true.'

'Or perchance false, Ki, unless even falsehood is a part of truth. Well, you have told me of two dangers, one to my body and one to my heart. Has any other been revealed to your wisdom?'

'Yes, Prince. The third is that this journey may in the end cost you your throne.'

'If I die certainly it will cost me my throne.'

'No, Prince, if you live.'

'Even so, Ki, I think that I could endure life seated more humbly than on a throne, though whether her Highness could endure it is another matter. Then you say that if I go upon this journey another will be Pharaoh in my place.'

'We do not say that, Prince. It is true that our arts have shown us another filling your place in a time of wizardry and

wonders and of the death of thousands. Yet when we look again we see not that other but you once more filling your own place.'

Here I, Ana, bethought me of my vision in Pharaoh's hall.

'The matter is even worse than I thought, Ki, since having once left the crown behind me I think that I should have no wish to wear it any more,' said Seti. 'Who shows you all these things, and how?'

'Our *Kas*, which are our secret selves, show them to us, Prince, and in many ways. Sometimes it is by dreams or visions, sometimes by pictures on water, sometimes by writings in the desert sand. In all these fashions, and by others, our *Kas*, drawing from the infinite well of wisdom that is hidden in the being of every man, give us glimpses of the truth, as they give us who are instructed power to work marvels.'

'Of the truth. Then these things you tell me are true?'

'We believe so, Prince.'

'And being true must happen. So what is the use of your warning me against what must happen? There cannot be two truths. What would you have me do? Not go upon this journey? Why you have told me that I must go, since if I did not go the truth would become a lie, which it cannot do. You say it is fated that I should go and because I go such and such things will come about. And yet you tell me not to go, for that is what you mean. Oh! Kherheb Kiang Bakenkhonsu, doubtless you are great magicians and strong in wisdom, but there are greater than you who rule the world, and there is a wisdom to which yours is but as a drop of water to the Nile. I thank you for your warnings, but to-morrow I go down to the land of Goshen to fulfil the commands of Pharaoh. If I come back again we will talk more of these matters here upon the earth. If I do not come back, perchance we will talk of them elsewhere. Farewell.'

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE LAND OF GOSHEN.

THE Prince Seti and all his train, a very great company, came in safety to the land of Goshen, I, Ana, travelling with him in his chariot. It was then as now a rich land, quite flat after the last line of desert hills through which we travelled by a narrow, tortuous path. Everywhere it was watered by canals, between which lay



the grain fields wherein the seed had just been sown. Also there were other fields of green fodder whereon were tethered beasts by the hundred, and beyond these, upon the drier soil, grazed flocks of sheep. Goshen, the town, if so it could be called, was but a poor place, numbers of mud huts, no more, in the centre of which stood a building, also of mud, with two brick pillars in front of it, that we were told was the temple of this people, into the inner parts of which none might enter save their High-priest. I laughed at the sight of it, but the Prince reproved me, saying that I should not judge of the spirit by the body, or of the god by his house.

We camped outside this town and soon learned that the people who dwelt in it or elsewhere in other towns must be numbered by the ten thousand, for more of them than I could count wandered round the camp to look at us. The men were fierce-eyed and hook-nosed; the young women well-shaped and pleasant to behold; the older women for the most part stout and somewhat unwieldy, and the children very beautiful. All were roughly clad in robes of loosely-woven, dark-coloured cloth, beneath which the women wore garments of white linen. Notwithstanding the wealth we saw about us in corn and cattle, their ornaments seemed to be few, or perhaps these were hidden from our sight.

It was easy to see that they hated us Egyptians, and even dared to despise us. Hate shone in their glittering eyes, and I heard them calling us the 'idol-worshippers' one to the other and asking where was our god, the Bull, for being ignorant they thought that we worshipped Apis (as mayhap some of the common people do) instead of looking upon the sacred beast as a symbol of the powers of Nature. Indeed they did more, for on the first night after our coming they slaughtered a bull marked much as Apis is, and in the morning we found it lying near the gate of the camp, and pinned to its hide with sharp thorns great numbers of the scarabæus beetle still living. For again they did not know that among us Egyptians this beetle is no god but an emblem of the Creator, because it rolls a ball of mud between its feet and sets therein its eggs to hatch, as the Creator rolls the world that seems to be round, and causes it to produce life.

Now all were angry at these insults except the Prince, who laughed and said that he thought the jest coarse but clever. But worse was to happen. It seems that a soldier with wine in him had done insult to a Hebrew maiden who came alone to draw water at a canal. The news spread among the people and some thousands

of them rushed to the camp, shouting and demanding vengeance in so threatening a manner that it was necessary to form up the regiments of guards. The Prince being summoned commanded that the girl and her kin should be admitted and state their case. She came, weeping and wailing and tearing her garments, throwing dust on her head also, though it appeared that she had taken no great harm from the soldier from whom she ran away. The Prince bade her point out the man if she could see him, and she showed us one of the bodyguard of the Count Amenmeses, whose face was scratched as though by a woman's nails. On being questioned he said he could remember little of the matter, but confessed that he had seen the maiden by the canal at moonrise and jested with her.

The kin of this girl clamoured that he should be killed, because he had offered insult to a high-born lady of Israel. This Seti refused, saying that the offence was not one of death, but that he would order him to be publicly beaten. Thereupon Amenmeses, who was fond of the soldier, a good man enough when not in his cups, sprang up in a rage, saying that no servant of his should be touched because he had offered to caress some light Israelitish woman who had no business to be wandering about alone at night. He added that if the man were flogged he and all those under his command would leave the camp and march back to make report to Pharaoh.

Now the Prince, having consulted with the councillors, told the woman and her kin that as Pharaoh had been appealed to, he must judge of the matter, and commanded them to appear at his court within a month and state their case against the soldier. They went away very ill-satisfied, saying that Amenmeses had insulted their daughter even more than his servant had done. The end of the matter was that on the following night this soldier was discovered dead, pierced through and through with knife thrusts. The girl, her parents and brethren could not be found, having fled away into the desert, nor was there any evidence to show by whom the soldier had been murdered. Therefore nothing could be done in the business except bury the victim.

On the following morning the Inquiry began with due ceremony, the Prince Seti and the Count Amenmeses taking their seats at the head of a large pavilion, with the councillors behind them and the scribes, among whom I was, seated at their feet. Then we learned that the two prophets whom I had seen at Pharaoh's court were not in the land of Goshen, having left before we arrived 'to

sacrifice to God in the wilderness,' nor did any know when they would return. Other elders and priests, however, appeared and began to set out their case, which they did at great length and in a fierce and turbulent fashion, speaking often all of them at once, thus making it difficult for the interpreters to render their words, since they pretended that they did not know the Egyptian tongue.

Moreover they told their story from the very beginning, when they had entered Egypt hundreds of years before and were succoured by the vizier of the Pharaoh of that day, one Yusuf, a powerful and clever man of their race, who stored corn in a time of famine and sowed it also. This Pharaoh was of the Hyksos people, one of the Shepherd kings whom we Egyptians hated and after many wars drove out of Khem. Under these Shepherd kings, being joined by many of their own blood, the Israelites grew rich and powerful, so that the Pharaohs who came after and who loved them not, began to fear them.

This was as far as the story was taken on the first day.

On the second day began the tale of their oppression, under which, however, they still multiplied like gnats upon the Nile, and grew so strong and numerous that at length the great Rameses did a wicked thing, ordering that their male children should be put to death. This order was never carried out, because his daughter, she who found Moses among the reeds of the river, pleaded for them.

At this point the Prince, wearied with the noise and heat in that crowded place, broke off the sitting until the morrow. Commanding me to accompany him, he ordered a chariot, not his own, to be made ready, and, although I prayed him not to do so, set out unguarded save for myself and the charioteer, saying that he would see how these people laboured with his own eyes.

*(To be continued.)*

